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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN John Cottington

### *He robbed a dictator—but spared his subjects*

John Cottington, more commonly known as Mull-sack, hated Cromwell so much that when he received intelligence about a convoy of twenty horse and a wagon of gold to pay the soldiers at Gloucester and Oxford, he and five or six men ambushed the convoy and actually defeated the troopers. Several passengers who had travelled with the convoy for safety feared the loss of their own possessions, but Mull-sack told them that "they came not to

take away any money but what did as justly belong to them as the persons that pretended to it." Mull-sack was hanged in Smithfield Rounds in April, 1659, at the age of 45 years. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"



THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY C. E. TURNER FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED





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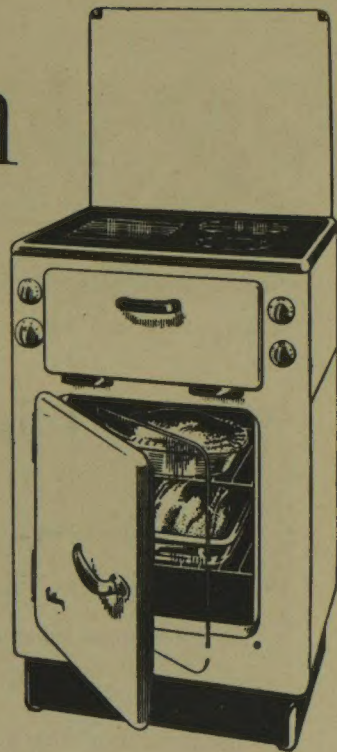
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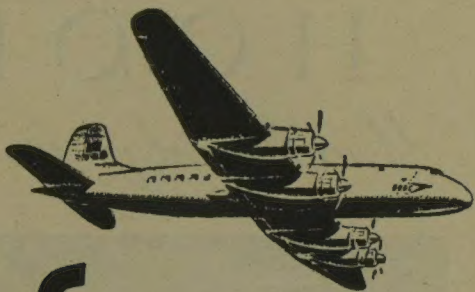
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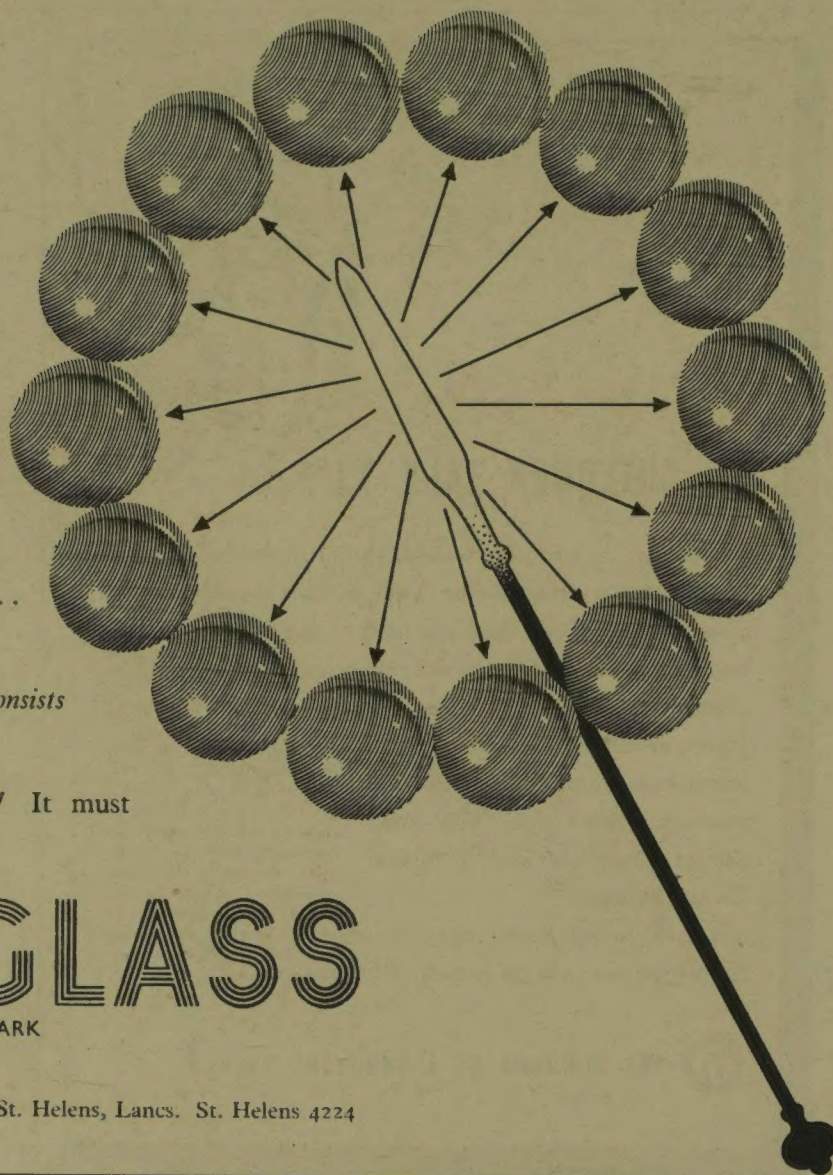
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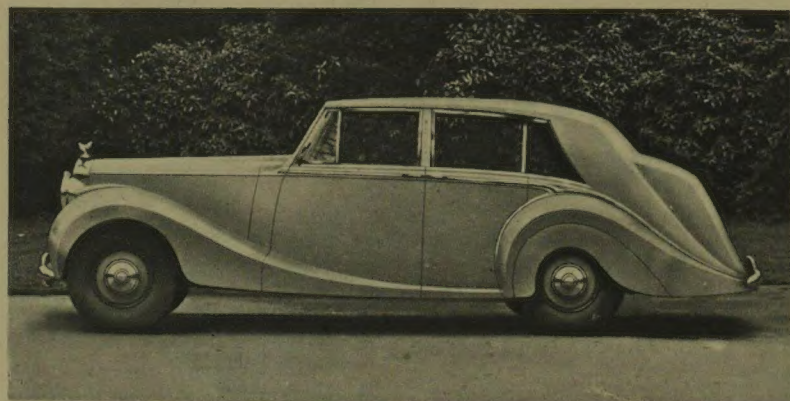
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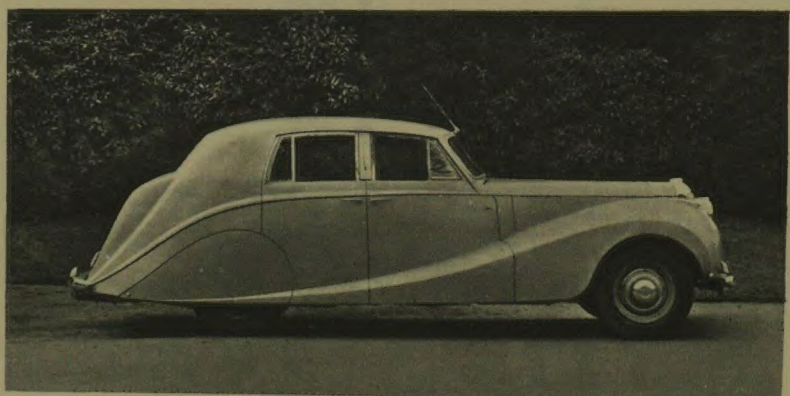
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1950.



**A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER APPOINTED SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE FORCES OF THE WEST:  
GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.**

The long-anticipated official announcement of the appointment of General Dwight Eisenhower as supreme commander of the Western European Defence Force was made on December 19. The agreement as to the appointment of an American was reached at the Atlantic Pact Conference which opened in Brussels on

December 18. In these dark days, when the world is once again facing "wars and rumours of wars," the appointment inspires confidence and hope for, in Mr. Churchill's words, he is a man "who has proved not only his capacity to organise and regulate the movements of armies but to stir men's hearts."

Portrait by Fabian Bachrach, Massachusetts.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NEARLY half a century ago Sir Halford Mackinder, the brilliant geographer and popular lecturer, began to elaborate his thesis about the strategic geography of the world. The latter, he pointed out, comprised three-quarters sea and one-quarter land, was divided into a number of islands, great and small, and a vast continental promontory extending from the ice-belt, that for thousands of miles fringes northern Russia and Siberia, to the Cape of Good Hope and from the Pacific to the Atlantic. This last he called the Heartland, and he showed—this in days before and during the first German War—how throughout history man's communal and political development has turned on the resistance of the "Seamen," inhabiting the outer peninsula fringes of the Heartland and the oceanic islands, against repeated attempts by some would-be world military conqueror to use the manpower of the great continental promontory to bring all mankind under a single dominion. Such attempts have so far all foundered in the instinctive dislike of man, the individual, to a despotic military rule, and on the power possessed by the seafaring races at and around the Heartland's extremities to give that resentment effect. Every world conqueror in turn, who has mobilised the manpower of the Heartland to impose his will on mankind, has met his Salamis as he drew to the point where the land, ceasing to be omnipresent, became encircled and indented by the wider seas. The sea-power of the free has then struck back at the land-power of the slaves and saved, in the archipelagoes and islands of the West, an inviolate nursery where the education of men in the great art of living in free societies might continue. Greece, Palestine, Italy, the Monsoon coast-lands of India and China, Spain, France, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Great Britain, and, more lately, the great oceanic islands which the Western nations of Europe and, most of all, Britain, opened up and populated in the last few centuries—the Americas, Australasia and the Cape—have all played their part in this historic and continuing process.

In his great classic, "Democracy and Reality," published at the end of the first German War—itself a chapter in that prolonged story—Sir Halford Mackinder issued a word of warning. The time might come, he pointed out, when the growing man-power of the great continent or Heartland, inhabited by more than three-quarters of the world's inhabitants, would present the "Seamen" of the Latin Peninsula, of the free West and of the oceanic Anglo-Saxon Islands with a problem beyond their powers. The "Landsmen" would overwhelm their base, burn out their ports and render their ships useless. Then, what so nearly happened at Salamis would happen, and the ideal of human liberty and of diversity of thought and behaviour would perish at the armed hands of all-powerful dictators who have no use for the free individual and the "diversionist." Big Brother—the successor of Darius—would rule universally and mankind would settle down to the ordered politics and economics of the ant-heap.

There are some who feel that the hour against which Mackinder warned his readers thirty years ago is now at hand. The crux of danger, he pointed out, was a union, under the military dictators of one or the other, of the two great nations that to-day occupy the northern and major half of the Heartland from the Pacific to the Rhine—Russia and Germany. At

the time at which Sir Halford was writing, the immediate menace seemed to him to come from Germany, and, though that country had just been decisively defeated in war and had surrendered unconditionally, on November 11, 1918, to the victorious "Seamen" of Britain, America and France, events were within another generation to prove him right. But the second German War to conquer the world from the Heartland was only won by the "Seamen" because it was accompanied by a schism between the

voluntary relinquishment on the part of the "Seamen"—the over-hasty and chaotic termination of British trusteeship in the Indian peninsula and, as a result, the neutralisation of the superb Indian Army which for nearly two centuries under British guidance, has policed the shores of the Indian and China Oceans in the interests of human freedom. And the cause of this withdrawal was not, as is popularly supposed in the West, Indian dislike of British tutelage—for, though such dislike existed, it was only conscious in an educated and wealthy minority—but the almost universal feeling in both Britain and America that such tutelage was morally unjustifiable.

In the light of the Islanders' self-chosen disarmament and the Kremlin's immense military power and declared intention of imposing its "dictatorship of the proletariat" on all mankind, only one thing, in the half-decade since the Second German War, has prevented the realisation of Mackinder's fears. The Heartland to-day, composed of the U.S.S.R.'s and China's seven hundred millions and the European populations of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Eastern Germany—all directed by the supreme, centralised power of the Kremlin—still awaits the latter's orders to march on the western sea and, regaining the Atlantic frontiers won by Germany in 1940, terminate the existence of the "Seamen's" free peninsula. The fate of the western island which, from its sea capital, London, has waged repeated war against totalitarian aggression from the Heartland, would then, it is assumed, be sealed, and that of the greater island of America follow. But the prior development of the atomic bomb by the free-born scientists of the U.S.A. and Britain has given the rulers of the Heartland reason to pause and the sea-faring peoples of the West a respite. It may even have given the latter time to retrieve their folly and save themselves. That remains to be seen.

There is a further point in Halford Mackinder's thesis. The continental Heartland of Mankind, he points out, has a southern adjunct. Divided from the main and northern Heartland by the great desert belt that stretches across Arabia and the Middle East from the Persian uplands to the Sahara, the vast populations of tropical Africa await a ruler from the continental centre of the world to unite the globe and reduce the freedom-loving, diversionist "Seamen" of the circumference to orderly subjection. In the coming mobilisation of the world's peoples by the Kremlin,

the teeming millions of the Dark Continent have, it is suspected, their appointed part. The day may come, as in the eighth century, when the "Landsmen" advancing on Europe's western sea extremity, will converge from beyond both the Rhine and the Pyrenees. A few years ago such notions would have seemed far-fetched and ridiculous. They may still appear so in the escapist capitals of the West and in the debating crowds of free men milling happily around their parish pumps. But they did not seem ridiculous to the geo-politicians of Hitler's Berlin, and I doubt if they seem so to the power-conscious schemers of the Kremlin. The fact that in the political societies of free men the pursuit prevails of other and saner ideals than that of power should not blind us to the fact that the rulers of totalitarian societies are under no compulsion to study the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of the individual.



AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE: GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, WHO IS RETURNING TO EUROPE EARLY IN THE NEW YEAR AS SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE WESTERN EUROPEAN DEFENCE FORCE.

General Eisenhower, who was Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Forces in Western Europe, during World War II, is returning to Europe only five years after to take up his appointment as Supreme Commander of the Western European Defence Force. After commanding the U.S. occupation forces in Germany in 1945, he became Chief of Staff, U.S. Army—an appointment he held until 1948, when he became President of Columbia University. Born in Texas on October 14, 1890, he was educated at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point. He served in World War I and married, in July 1916, Mamie Geneva Doud. They have one surviving son, John Sheldon Doud. The announcement of General Eisenhower's appointment was made simultaneously by the Foreign and Defence Ministers of the twelve Atlantic Pact nations meeting in Brussels and by President Truman in Washington. Mr. Truman, in giving his consent, said that General Eisenhower's experience and talents made him "uniquely qualified" to assume the responsibilities of the position. [Photograph by Hessler Studio.]

"Landsmen," in which the Russian and major part of the Heartland's man-power was successfully pitted against the German part. And, as a result of that struggle and of the "Seamen's" curiously unrealistic policy when the war ended, a victorious Russia was allowed in the space of only a few years to mobilise almost the whole of liberated Central Europe against themselves while they, with almost incredible folly and optimism, divested themselves of their arms. Within the past two years the Heartland has gained a further victory by infiltrating eastwards across the mountain barrier that makes China a sea-land peninsula and, by a combination of arms and doctrinal propaganda, enlisting, at any rate temporarily, China's four hundred and fifty millions—a fifth of the world's population—in the "Landsmen's" camp. The effect of this disaster on the peninsulas and archipelagoes of South-East Asia has been magnified by another



## NOT EXTINCT—AS ONCE BELIEVED: THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.



DESCRIBED AS "AMERICA'S RAREST BIRD": THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER, FOR WHICH A 1300-ACRE SANCTUARY HAS BEEN CREATED IN NORTH-WEST FLORIDA. A MALE BIRD AT THE NEST, AND (INSET) A FLEDGLING PERCHED ON A MAN'S CAP.

THE Ivory-billed Woodpecker, or "Van Dyke" (*Campephilus principalis*), a rare variety slightly bigger than a crow, the largest woodpecker of North America, was believed to be extinct until last winter, when a pair were discovered. The Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and the National Audubon Society recently announced the acquisition of a 1300-acre sanctuary for the bird in the swamp forests of Florida, the district in which the pair were found. This area, in which firearms may not be carried, includes all the terrain in North America in which Ivory Bills have been observed since 1947. In 1831 John James Audubon nicknamed the bird "Van Dyke," because of its beautiful ebony, white and scarlet plumage. The birds decreased rapidly with the cutting of the virgin hardwood forests of the river bottoms in which they originally lived, and Indians are said to have accelerated this disappearance by collecting their crests for ornaments.

Photograph of the male bird by A. A. Allen; of the fledgling by J. T. Tanner.



# FROM HITLER RELICS TO "INVISIBLE GLOVES": NEWS ITEMS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A TOWNSHIP WHICH WILL DISAPPEAR TO MAKE WAY FOR AN ATOMIC PROJECT: ELLENTON, THE LARGEST OF FIVE SOUTH CAROLINA TOWNS TO BE UPROOTED. Under plans announced in the U.S. Senate on December 13, the United States intend to build new atomic plants. One of these is to be in South Carolina and to make way for it five small townships, of which Ellenton (population 730) is the largest, are being uprooted and transferred elsewhere.



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE OLD-WORLD WAY: LOADING SUPPLIES FOR A YORKSHIRE FARM ON A TYPICAL HORSE-DRAWN HAY-SLEDGE. Although the snow which fell in mid-December was of short duration in most parts of the country, East Anglia and the Yorkshire coast had heavier falls and deeper drifts than most areas, and in hilly districts farm-sledges still proved the most efficient form of transport.



THE MOOT HALL OF ELSTOW, BEDFORDSHIRE, ASSOCIATED WITH BUNYAN, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH THE GREEN, HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE COUNTY. One of the Whitbread family was a fellow-member with John Bunyan of the Independent Church at Bedford; the late Mr. Samuel Whitbread gave £12,000 for the restoration of the Church at Elstow, where Bunyan was born; and Major Simon Whitbread has now presented the Moot Hall and Elstow Green (on which it stands) to the County Council, which has voted £3500 for its restoration.



HITLER RELICS, INCLUDING (TOP CENTRE) THE PATENT SIGNED BY HINDENBURG CREATING HIM CHANCELLOR, WHICH WERE RECENTLY SEIZED BY MUNICH DETECTIVES. On December 14, Munich detectives seized a number of personal effects of Hitler, just before they were to change hands at a high figure. They included signed copies of "Mein Kampf," a gold watch, Nazi badges, his World War I. paybook and his patent as Chancellor. They had apparently been sold in the black market by a Russian officer.



"INVISIBLE GLOVES" FOR HOUSEWIVES AND FACTORY WORKERS: A DEMONSTRATION OF A "BARRIER CREAM" WHICH KEEPS THE HANDS CLEAN AND SOFT. "Invisible gloves" in the form of "barrier cream" were developed by scientists during the war, especially for factory use, and have now been extended in several forms for the housewife (and others) by a famous cosmetic firm. In brief, such creams are rubbed all over the hands before undertaking any dirty job. This finished, dirt and cream are easily washed off together.

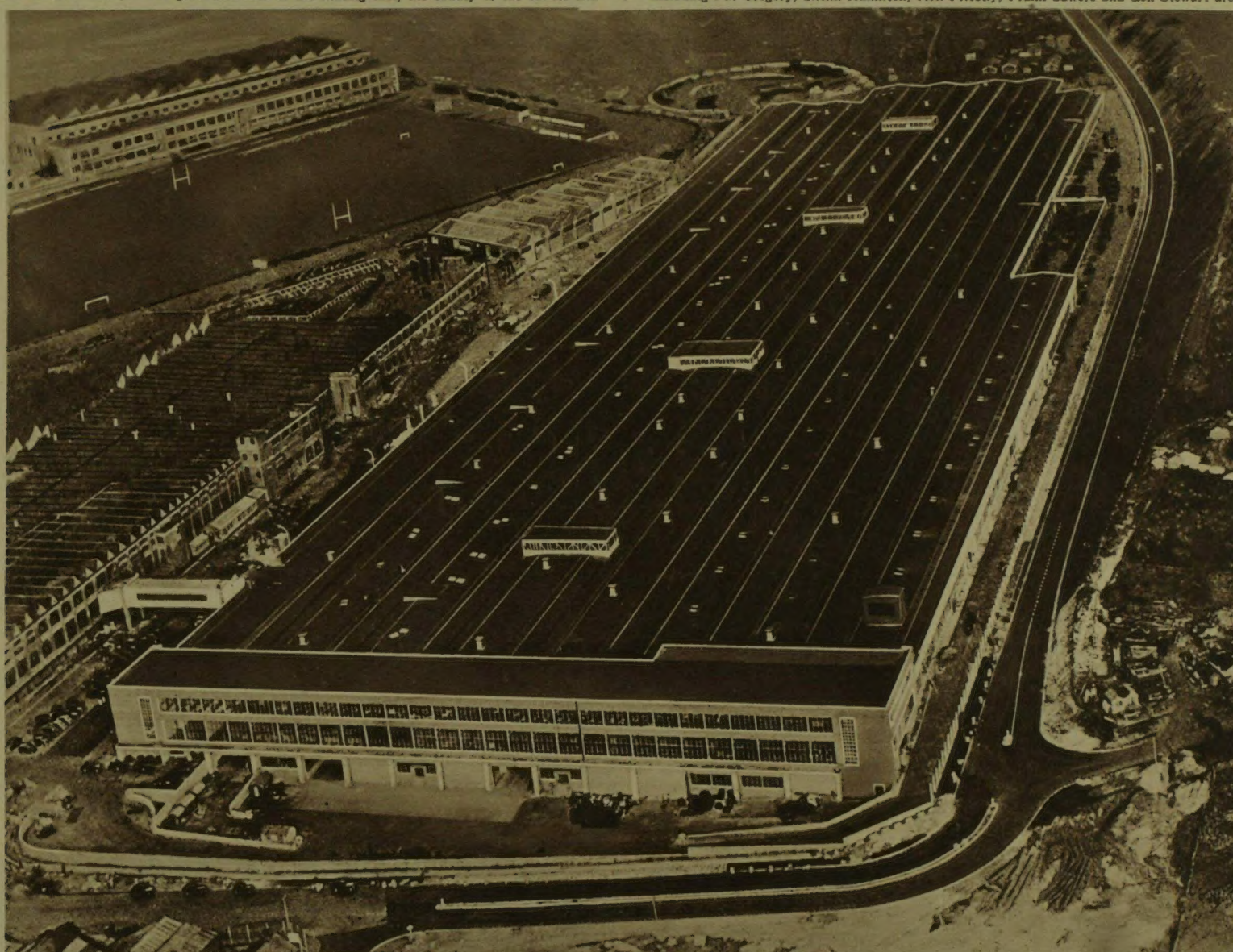




"DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE" AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: THE SCENE REPRESENTING THE SULTAN'S PALACE IN MOROCCO IN THE ELABORATE PANTOMIME ON SKATES. London's own story, "Dick Whittington," has been chosen by Tom Arnold for his production on ice at the Empire Pool, Wembley. The grace and skill of the skating cast, the beauty of the ballets and



A SCENE OF ENTRANCING BEAUTY IN "DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE": THE FAIRY BALLET OF SKATING DANCERS IN THE PRODUCTION, WHICH COST £50,000. the brilliance of the costumes combine to make a splendid spectacle. Many well-known skaters, including Pat Gregory, Sheila Hamilton, Ron Priestly, Frank Sawers and Len Stewart are in the cast.



ONE OF THE LARGEST BUILDINGS UNDER ONE ROOF IN EUROPE: THE NEW FACTORY EXTENSION AT VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON, FROM THE AIR. The new factory extension at Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, is of impressive size, as this air photograph shows. It covers 19½ acres of floor-space and is nearly one-third of a mile long. Four thousand three hundred tons of structural steel were used in the construction.



A FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN WHICH "TAKES THE CAKE": A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS CAKE FOR ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, AND THE NURSE WHO CREATED IT. Nurse Mary Cracknell, of St. Thomas's Hospital, with the help of her friends and the co-operation of the Festival authorities, started in October to make for the hospital a Christmas cake in the form of the Festival site, as here seen. This "Festival," at all events, will have no carping critics.



BRINGING TO LIFE THE FAMOUS CHARACTERS OF CHILDHOOD'S FICTION: A PANORAMA IN WAX OF "TREASURE ISLAND" FOR MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION. Miss Jane Jackson (seen above) is working in her Streatham studio on a panorama in wax of "Treasure Island" for Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. This is the third of a series which she is preparing specially for children, having already completed "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Alice in Wonderland."

EXPANDING BRITISH INDUSTRY AND CHRISTMAS JOLLYTY, INCLUDING FESTIVAL CONFECTIONERY, AND PANTOMIME ON ICE.



## GUARDSMEN AS "SOCIAL WORKERS": TACKLING THE SQUATTER PROBLEM IN SOUTHERN PERAK.



CONSTRUCTIVE PACIFICATION: GUARDSMEN (OF 2 COY., 2ND BN., THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS) ORGANISING THE REMOVAL OF A SQUATTERS' VILLAGE IN MALAYA.

THE GUARDS are well known throughout the world as magnificent soldiers, and, especially in London, as splendid and essential figures in our country's scenes of traditional pageantry: they are less well known in the rôle in which they appear on this page—as constructive social workers. And yet recently in Malaya that is a rôle the 2nd Bn., The Coldstream Guards created and successfully played. It is an interesting and indeed heart-warming story, and it has been told in full by Lieut.-Colonel R. G. V. Fitz-George-Balfour and Captain J. R. C. Riley in the autumn number of *The Household Brigade Magazine* (from which the occasional quotations in this article are made). Throughout the troubles in Malaya, the greatest threat to law and order has lain in the Chinese squatter communities which came into being during the

[Continued opposite.]



THE ARMY LENDS A HAND: COLDSTREAMERS BUILDING A NATIVE HOUSE IN KAMPANG "BALFOUR," IN READINESS FOR THE TRANSFER OF A SQUATTER COMMUNITY.



KAMPANG "COLDSTREAM," AFTER TEN DAYS' WORK: ONE OF THE SEVEN NEW VILLAGES WHICH THE 2ND BN., THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS ESTABLISHED IN MALAYA

[Continued.]

Japanese occupation and which had become thoroughly Communist-dominated and "the suppliers of the terrorist gangs that lived in the jungle behind the squatter areas, providing them with clothing, food, information and, above all, money, paid on the age-old Chinese system of protection of life and property." And early in 1950, the Battalion found that military action, no matter how efficient, did not radically improve the situation and that a more constructive policy was necessary. Accordingly, after consultation with District Officers and police, they drew up a plan for dealing with the squatters, which to a large extent anticipated the Briggs Plan. The plan was the resettlement of some 7000 squatter families in about thirty new villages, either by "regrouping"—that is, creating a new central village from which the villagers should go out to

[Continued below.]



THE GUARDSMEN BESIDES ORGANISING THE CREATION OF NEW VILLAGES, ALSO SUPERVISED THE CREATION OF NEW TILLAGE BY AND FOR THE SQUATTERS.

[Continued.]

work the plots they were already tilling; or "resettling"—that is, moving a community *in toto* to a new village and new land. The plan and the method were worked out by Battalion Headquarters while the Rifle Companies continued intensive jungle operations. Sites for the new villages were selected, cleared and protected with a perimeter fence under military supervision. The inhabitants of the future village were warned and told of the significance of the move. In "regrouping" "on D-Day all the future inhabitants were rounded up at dawn and brought to the village site, where they were registered and full details of their families were taken; they were then given a 'pep talk' and told that they must all have established their houses in the village within three weeks, after which their existing houses were to be destroyed. The males were then retained for the day to help with the erection of the perimeter fence, the materials for which had been delivered to the site earlier in the day." In cases of "resettling," the procedure was different. Here, "as soon



THE FIRST ESSENTIAL IN MOVING A SQUATTER VILLAGE WAS TO CREATE A PERIMETER FOR THE NEW COMMUNITY, TO PREVENT BANDIT SABOTAGE.

as the village site was laid out, temporary accommodation in the form of tents had to be erected and adequate arrangements as regards food, water and sanitation had to be laid on before the arrival of the squatters." This done, the new villagers, their possessions and livestock were collected and moved, as a military operation and in military transport. "Once the village had actually been started the real responsibility for carrying the plan through fell almost entirely on the Platoon Commander concerned." In six weeks seven new villages were completed and two others were ready, when the Battalion handed over the area to 45 Commando, Royal Marines. The task had, however, been thoroughly based, and good effects were already apparent. In the case of sick and aged squatters, "the whole work fell on the Guardsmen, who soon proved themselves remarkably capable both as house and furniture removers, and as builders even in the unaccustomed style and with the strange materials available for use"; and "the squatters soon accepted them as friends."





THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL MEETING AT THE PALAIS PROVINCIAL, BRUSSELS : A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE DELEGATES OF SIX OF THE TWELVE COUNTRIES REPRESENTED.



AT A RECEPTION HELD AT THE BELGIAN FOREIGN OFFICE: (FROM L. TO R.) M. SCHUMAN (FRANCE); M. VAN ZEELAND (BELGIUM); COUNT SFORZA (ITALY); MR. ACHESON (U.S.A.); DR. STIKKER (THE NETHERLANDS); AND MR. BEVIN (U.K.).



THE ITALIAN DELEGATION AT THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL MEETING: COUNT CARLO SFORZA (FOREIGN MINISTER; CENTRE), WHOSE COUNTRY HAS OFFERED TO MAKE ARMS FOR WESTERN DEFENCE.



THE FRENCH DELEGATION TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL MEETING: (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-GENERAL CHARLES LECHERES, M. JULES MOCH (DEFENCE MINISTER), AND M. ROBERT SCHUMAN (FOREIGN MINISTER).



THE UNITED KINGDOM DELEGATION: (FROM L. TO R.) MR. EMMANUEL SHINWELL (DEFENCE MINISTER); MR. ERNEST BEVIN (FOREIGN MINISTER); AND MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SIR JOHN SLESSOR.

#### AMERICAN CONCERN OVER WESTERN DEFENCE : THE MOMENTOUS ATLANTIC COUNCIL MEETING IN BRUSSELS ON DECEMBER 18.

On December 18 the Defence Committee (Defence Ministers) and the Atlantic Council (Foreign Ministers) of the twelve signatories of the North Atlantic Pact—Britain, France, the United States, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway and Portugal—met in joint session at the Palais Provincial in Brussels to discuss the integration of the Western defence forces. The delegates agreed that an American supreme commander should be appointed for the forces of the North Atlantic Pact countries available for the defence of the West (the subsequent appointment of General Eisenhower is

recorded on another page in this issue) and approved a plan for German participation in those forces. On December 19 Mr. Dean Acheson (U.S.A.) suggested that a leading production expert should be appointed director of the defence production board which is to be established, and the matter was referred to the deputies for further consideration. On December 20 the consultative council of the Brussels Treaty Powers (U.K., France and Benelux countries) met and decided to merge the military organisation of Western Union in the North Atlantic Pact organisation without affecting the obligations of the signatories under the Brussels Treaty.



## A GREAT ENGLISH LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT.

"CAPABILITY BROWN"; By DOROTHY STROUD.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NICKNAMES are sometimes preservatives. "Bear" Ellice and "Poodle" Byng, social figures of the nineteenth century, would

probably not be remembered at all, even by those most interested in social history, were it not for their nicknames; but, those labels being permanently

MISS DOROTHY STROUD, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Dorothy Stroud is Assistant Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. During the war she worked with the National Buildings Record, and is the author of a book on Henry Holland which was published recently.

fixed to them, whenever they turn up in memoirs, they retain their nominal, if not their personal, place in the national memory. But some nicknames are limiting, and tend to reduce the historical stature of considerable people. "Single-Speech" Hamilton was an intelligent man and made more than one speech; but there he is, pinned down for ever by a nickname. "Capability" Brown, a much greater man, has been similarly limited by a soubriquet. "How dull!" the uninformed exclaim, when confronted by the name, although in point of fact it is no reflection on a person to suggest that, whatever his job, he

treated, or not got his due. The snow falls, as I write, on a suburban garden; General Wu shakes the dust of U.N.O. off his feet; it is uncertain whether the Chinese, having apparently switched from opium to vodka, are going to cross the quite arbitrary 38th Parallel (which, for the time being, seems to divide naughty North Koreans from nice South Koreans); and various statesmen are publicly discussing as to where, when and if ever, the atom-bomb (and the more powerful hydrogen bomb which seems to be a later, and more effective, bouquet in store for us) shall be used. The persistence of

pardoned for a momentary escape to the works of Lancelot Brown.

He was born in 1716 in Northumberland. He left school at sixteen and was taken on as a gardener



WOTTON HOUSE, HOME OF THE GRENVILLES, AND SCENE OF BROWN'S FIRST EMPLOYMENT AFTER LEAVING NORTHUMBERLAND.



CHATSWORTH. THE RIVER, WIDENED BY BROWN, AND SPANNED BY JAMES PAINE'S BRIDGE. (Central Office of Information.)

did it efficiently. Had he been nicknamed "Dashing" Brown, or even "Earthquake" Brown (and this last epithet was certainly earned by that sweeping landscape gardener), he need never have been explained and excused to later generations. Had he never had a nickname at all, but been allowed his real Christian name, which was Lancelot, the romantic side of him would have been patent. How the son of a Northumbrian peasant in the eighteenth century ever got the name of Lancelot I cannot conjecture: possibly his father, who was called William, in revolt against a double ordinarieness, thought he must give his son "a crested and prevailing name" as a contrast to the brownness of Brown. But the "Lancelot," with all its implications of Camelot, Guinevere, Elaine and "tirra-lirra by the river," was wasted on the poor boy. He was a romantic to the core and doomed to be called "Capability." It isn't a fair description, for it leaves so much out. Let us take modern parallels. Suppose that unkind labellers got to work on certain members of the present Government, wickedly suggesting that each had only one attribute. Down, quite unfairly, through the corridors of the ages, there might reverberate the names of "Respectability" Attlee, "Adaptability" Dalton, "Volubility" Morrison and "Amiability" Bevan: it simply wouldn't be fair, especially to Mr. Bevan, who has so many great qualities, in addition to amiability.

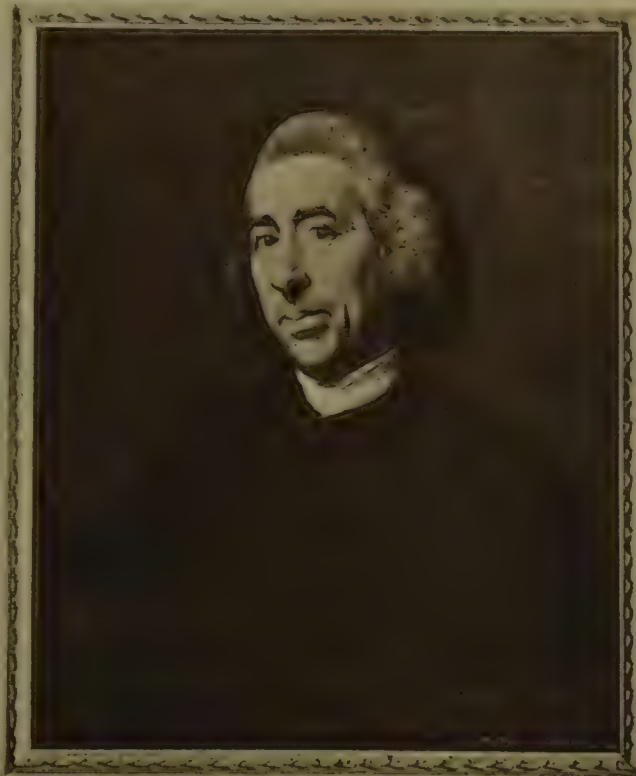
However, that is the way the world wags. Happily the world contains not only labellers and libellers, but enthusiasts who will dash to the rescue of anybody who they think has been unfairly

civilisation, and of a belief in "a power not ourselves making for righteousness," is, I think, proved by the fact that a book about eighteenth-century houses and gardens has been produced at this time, and that I am writing about it. Mr. Churchill, at this moment (and nobody can accuse him of living in an ivory tower, indifferent to the fate of the human race), has gone off to Morocco to paint. So I may be

by Sir William Loraine. After seven years digging, planting and learning the rudiments of horticulture, he went south. He had very little money, but he probably had introductions. At any rate, he found a job at "a small place near Woodstock." "This was Wotton, the home of Sir Richard Grenville, father-in-law of William Pitt. However menial or unimportant Brown's job here may have been, this association with the Grenville family was to have the greatest influence on his future, for it was the stepping-stone to his subsequent employment by Sir Richard's brother-in-law, Lord Cobham, at Stowe. He had not been at Wotton many months before the chance of working at Stowe materialised. Brown, quick to realise the opportunities that such a post might afford him, was only too glad of the change, and in 1740 the obscure young man from Northumberland passed through the gates of Lord Cobham's domain and placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder to success."

Success came. He was High Sheriff of a county at the age of fifty-five and, by that time, he had transformed half the great houses and parks in England. His nickname suggests formalisation. That wasn't his job. He was reacting against the geometrical Dutch gardens of a former age: if a romantic landscape didn't exist, he would make one. "When analysed," says Mr. Christopher Hussey, "Brown's typical landscape resolves itself into a few quite obvious elements. The park is bounded by an encircling belt of woodland, excluding the agricultural hinterland but interrupted to admit any distant prospect or object of pictorial interest. The inner edge of the belt is irregular, receding or projecting according to the contours, and softened by outlying clumps or individual trees which hide by their lower branches the line of the belt's containing fence. Similarly the clumps, where Brown's intention was followed, have become free-standing groups of stately trees. But for the first fifty years of their lives they no doubt looked tight and stiff, fenced as they had to be against cattle. The strictures of Payne Knight against clumps must have been largely due to the intention of opening them out as the trees grew having been forgotten."

We may go through all England on foot, on bicycles, or in cars, and everywhere, if we look, we may find houses, great or small, of the eighteenth century, with parks, great or small, around them. Kent, Burlington, Adam, and other names will come to our minds as we pass them; but the most pervasive influence of all was Brown's. Go to the Royal Academy next year. There will probably be several pictures by Algernon Newton, R.A., of pillared and porticoed eighteenth-century houses, in mellow evening light, with tree-clad hillocks, lawns, lakes and islets adorned with temples: the odds are that Brown laid them out for the dukes, earls and baronets of the time.



"LANCLOT BROWN"; BY SIR NATHANIEL DANCE-HOLLAND. HE WAS BORN IN 1716 AND DIED IN 1783, AND IS BETTER KNOWN BY HIS NICKNAME OF "CAPABILITY."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Capability Brown"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, "Country Life" Ltd.

\* "Capability Brown." By Dorothy Stroud. With an Introduction by Christopher Hussey. Illustrated. (Country Life; £2 2s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1088 of this issue.





THE PRICE OF AN EPIC WITHDRAWAL: THE GRAVES OF MEN OF THE U.S. 1ST MARINE DIVISION AT HUNGNAM—AND, BESIDE THEM, PROUDLY REMEMBERING THEIR ACHIEVEMENT, THEIR COMMANDER, MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER PRINCE SMITH.

The retreat of the 20,000 men of the U.S. 1st Marine Division, 7th Infantry Division, and 41st Royal Marine Commando from the area of the Changjin (Chosin) reservoir to Hamhung and its port, Hungnam, began with the break-out on December 7, and was concluded on December 10 when the last troops reached the beach-head, with an armoured column of the U.S. 3rd Division acting as rearguard. This magnificent withdrawal action, which has been compared to both Dunkirk and the Retreat of the 10,000

described in Xenophon's *Anabasis*, saw many casualties, both in the fighting and in the cruel weather conditions; and the casualty figure is rated as high as 30 per cent. The commander of the 1st Marine Division is Major-General Oliver Prince Smith, who had fought with his men at Guadalcanal, New Britain, Peleliu and Okinawa. The estimated number of Chinese in the area between Changjin and Hamhung was given as between 80,000 and 120,000.





OUT OF THE TRAP: A SMALL LOCOMOTIVE PUSHING A LONG STRING OF GOODS TRUCKS, LADEN WITH U.N. TROOPS, TOWARDS THE SAFETY OF THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD.



PULLING BACK OVER THE 38TH PARALLEL: A LONG LINE OF U.S. TANKS AND TRANSPORT MOVING BACK TOWARDS SEOUL, DURING THE EIGHTH ARMY'S WITHDRAWAL TO A NEW LINE.

#### THE TWO WITHDRAWALS IN KOREA: IN THE NORTH-EAST, OF MEN; IN THE WEST, OF MEN AND MACHINES.

The withdrawal in Korea has been of two kinds: that on the west, in the Eighth Army sector, a withdrawal of men and heavy equipment; that in the north-east, of men, a fighting withdrawal out of a dangerous trap. The success of the latter has been largely due to the brilliant work of the U.S. Combat Cargo Command, whose aircraft not only evacuated the wounded of the U.S. Marines and 7th Infantry

Division, but kept the fighting men supplied with food and arms and even parachuted to them eight spans of a 16-ton bridge. This last feat completely negated a successful Chinese destruction of a bridge, which for a while threatened to force the withdrawal into a long detour through mountainous and hostile country. In the meanwhile a large fleet had gathered off Hungnam to cover the withdrawal.





U.S. MARINES RESTING IN THE SNOW BESIDE THEIR VEHICLES, DURING THEIR HARD-FOUGHT WITHDRAWAL FROM CHANGJIN TO HAMHUNG.



A PICTURE WHICH EPITOMISES THE MARINES' ENDURANCE UNDER HARDSHIP: TWO "LEATHERNECKS" IN THEIR SLEEPING-BAGS ON THE WORST STRETCH OF THE WITHDRAWAL. AN EPIC OF COURAGE AND ENDURANCE: INCIDENTS OF THE U.S. MARINES' WITHDRAWAL FROM CHANGJIN TO HAMHUNG.

The withdrawal of the 20,000 U.N. troops, which at one time appeared to be completely encircled near the Changjin reservoir, began on December 7 when, after already heavy casualties from fighting and weather conditions, they broke out near Hagaru, the makeshift airstrip from which the wounded had been evacuated. The first stage of the withdrawal, the six miles to Koto, was the

worst, but the next, to Sudong, was little better. Meanwhile, however, the U.S. 3rd Division advanced from Hamhung and Hungnam and made contact with the Marines and 7th Infantry Division on December 10 near Majon, and from this point the Marines and the rest were able to move back through the relief troops to the prepared perimeter around Hungnam.



MY present intention is to attempt to analyse the tactics of the Chinese in Korea, irrespective of the recent history of their offensive. It is a subject which will be long debated, in private and public, and the private appreciations within Ministries will be the more important. So far, one can only grope one's way by the dim light of such information as is yet available. The prime factor in the early Chinese success seems to have been that the forces of the United Nations were caught off balance. They were the victims of surprise, and the speed with which the Chinese followed up their initial success prevented recovery as planned. Military surprise may be due to the time or the place of attack; there is also, however, a third possible factor, the strength and weight of the attack. This was the most important factor in the present instance. The United Nations command knew approximately the position of the main Chinese force. It must have taken into account the possibility that it would take the offensive. The surprise lay in the weight and fury of the assault and the indifference to loss of the troops which carried it out.

There was, in short, on the evidence of the official reports, a grave failure in military intelligence. This does not necessarily mean that information was lacking. It must be relatively easy to organise an intelligence system in Korea, since North and South Koreans, that is, foes and allies, are of the same race, so that there can be no difficulty in finding agents on either side. But military intelligence depends on more than the gathering of information. It depends also on testing and interpreting the news, of which Clausewitz remarks that in war part is doubtful and another part false. Here, judged by the command's own admissions, there was complete misinterpretation of the information received. It has been stated that only a token resistance from the Chinese was expected. This was something so different from what would normally be expected from a powerful force of a third nation intervening in a war that it would require very powerful evidence to support it. The best source of all, prisoners of war, was virtually lacking, since too few had been taken to provide an index of morale, armament, supply, and still less, intentions. The United Nations attacked virtually in the dark.

There was also little evidence in the Chinese past. The Communists had not played a notable part in the war against Japan. In the civil war they had indeed performed remarkable exploits. They suffered few checks. They carried out great marches. They overran vast territories with a speed which can seldom have been surpassed. They defeated large armies which were, to begin with, better armed than themselves, and completed the process by using the arms which they had captured from their enemies. They appeared to be determined and enduring. Now they had the prestige of victory behind them. On the other hand, too much could easily be made of their achievements. Their victories were won against war-weary and demoralised troops, some of whose leaders were highly suspect. It was hard to estimate whether they would prove any more formidable than Chinese armies have usually shown themselves in recent years. It seemed likely that they would fall below the standard shown by the North Koreans, which had been high for a primitive people. Perhaps a good deal had to be left to guesswork, but where there is guesswork in such matters it is particularly necessary to assume dispositions and maintain a balance proof against surprise.

In the air the United Nations possessed overwhelming superiority. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that they were unable at this stage of the campaign to make full use of the weapon in their hands. The Chinese attacked with all the weapons they could bring to bear, whereas the United Nations could use one strong weapon only to a limited extent. They were precluded from using the air arm beyond the Manchurian frontier. That is to say, they could not attack the main hostile bases and could attack the communications only over a limited part of their length. Their own were not interfered with. Only a few hostile aircraft, though rather more than before the Chinese intervention, have appeared at the time of writing over the battlefield. What have been seen have been of good quality, including very fast jet fighters of Russian type, perhaps with Russian-trained pilots. They have not exercised a serious influence upon the campaign. Yet this influence has been effectively replaced by that of guerrillas behind the lines, large bands of North Koreans passed by during the swift United Nations advance, whose operations are believed to have occupied some three South Korean divisions in rear areas.

The achievement of the Chinese in face of American command of the air none the less merits special attention. The general theory, based upon the experience of the Second World War, has been that against command of the air an army can fight effectively on the defensive and that it may be able to achieve success in an offensive of strictly limited scope within a brief period of time; but that a prolonged and successful offensive is a virtual impossibility

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CHINESE TACTICS IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

for it. Granted that the Chinese bases have been immune, granted that very little Chinese transport—far less than European forces of the same strength would require—seems to have been brought across the Yalu, it is indeed remarkable how little effect air action had in checking the advance of the enemy. A great deal of study will have to be given to this subject, in view of the fact that the land forces of the Atlantic Treaty Powers might find themselves engaged in inferior strength with land forces whose nerves

during the Second World War and by the North Koreans in the earlier stages of the present war. On a large scale there have been two enveloping movements, the first and the greater against the Eighth Army, on the western side of the peninsula, the second against the X. Corps, on the eastern. The former has been evaded, and the rear-guard has not been pressed; indeed, the troops have been astonished by the continuance of the retreat. Still more typical have been the infiltration tactics of small bodies of men in the early stage of the campaign through every possible chink, followed by attacks on rear and flank, or by deeper penetration along the roads by which the retreating columns of the United Nations forces must pass. These tactics may be no more formidable than those of the gaddy to forces which retain their cohesion, but where they become dispersed and straggling or wearied beyond endurance a grave risk arises of their being broken up altogether, as has happened on several occasions. Reports have so far not been full or detailed, but road-blocks established in rear of retreating forces—particularly those of the X. Corps, more widely dispersed in its retreat than the Eighth Army—have been mentioned. The country does not lend itself to these tactics as well as the Malayan jungle, but it is close and broken enough to make them effective.

I can write of the Chinese armament only in the light of the information received some time before this article will appear. It is possible that when it does the enemy will have made use of heavier material which he was unable to bring into action at the start. At the end of the first week in December he was known to be holding large forces north of the Yalu which were gradually moving over to strengthen those engaged in the battle. To begin with, he used artillery but little. Some tanks took part in the earlier assaults, but in small bodies, used as spearheads in front of infantry units. Nothing like the armoured strength disclosed by the North Koreans in their major operations was witnessed. It was what we may call a swarm offensive, pushed with great determination. Tactics of this sort can have little more than a nuisance value unless the troops who exploit them are ready to accept heavy loss without flinching and to return to the attack, though not necessarily at the same points, when they are repulsed. All the evidence from correspondents who spoke to officers and men emerging from these combats suggests that the Chinese were not deterred by very heavy casualties from maintaining the fight or renewing it again and again. In face of this evidence, the attitude of some prisoners of poor morale hardly counts.

The above makes it clear that up to the time of writing it has been in the main an infantry war on the part of the Chinese. The rocket is reported, though vaguely, to have been used as a supporting weapon. Far more important and certainly employed in considerable numbers and with great effect has been the mortar, the most formidable supporting weapon for infantry which has been developed in recent times. There is no evidence where these mortars have come from, but the Chinese are known to be in possession of weapons from three main sources: Japanese, taken over in Manchuria; Russian,

supplied at the beginning of their campaign against the forces of Chiang Kai-shek; and American, captured from those forces in the course of their highly successful offensive, which placed at their disposal all the stores in the country. They have made good use of machine-guns, especially of the light type, and have co-ordinated all small arms with their mortars in a workmanlike way. The tragedy is that their tactics and armament would very likely not have been effective against an army such as that of the United Nations unless it had received the shock of attack when itself in attack formation on an extended front, which is as much as to say in widely separated columns.

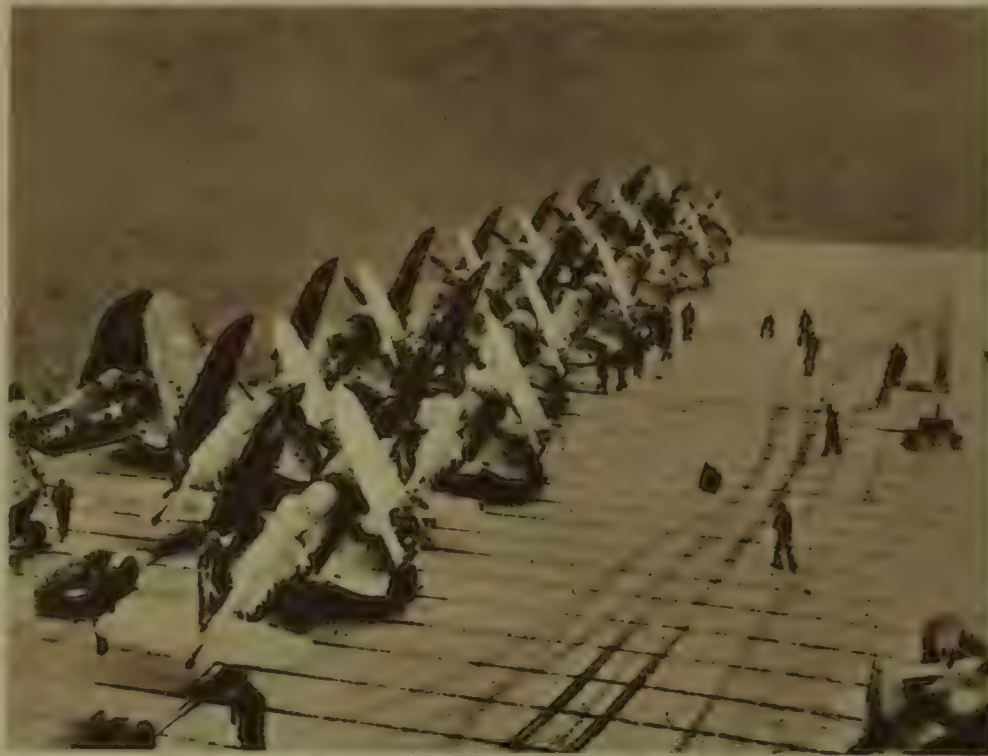
If I cannot bring up-to-date evidence of the fighting, the tactics of the enemy, and his weapons, it is of course still farther beyond possibility to estimate the effects of the campaign, which will have reached a very different stage before these lines appear. What is clear is that, whereas official and military opinion in the United States was hopeful even in the worst phases of the North Korean offensive up to early September, in early December the position was regarded in the gravest light. When the situation was outlined to the leaders of the Congress by General Gruenther, his exposition evidently came to them as a serious shock. To me it seemed then impossible to agree with the worst interpretations which were being voiced with bated breath, but I none the less recognised that I had gravely underestimated

the extent of the threat, even though, had I been able to see it, this threat was first outlined as far back as August, when it was reported that there were four Chinese route armies on the Yalu. Having been almost alone among optimistic commentators over here in the worst period of the North Korean offensive, I can only hope there is ground for my instinct that utter disaster can still be staved off.



THE DEFENCE PERIMETER AT HUNGNAM: A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE POSITION ROUND THE PORT ON DECEMBER 16.

On December 17 the Chinese were reported to be further increasing their pressure on the defence perimeter at Hungnam, the area on the north-east coast of Korea held by the X. Corps, and were said to be "feeling their way" chiefly from the direction of Hamhung, as indicated by the large arrow on our map. The attacks were renewed on following days, and the U.S. battleship *Missouri* and other warships were called in to render aid to the troops. Yonpo airfield, near the port, was abandoned on December 17. It is clear that the speed with which the United Nations troops can be withdrawn from the Hungnam perimeter, landed again farther south, re-equipped and brought again into the fighting line is of great importance.



ILLUSTRATING THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE CAMPAIGN IN KOREA IS BEING FOUGHT: THE SNOW-COVERED FLIGHT-DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER U.S.S. LEYTE SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST. Captain Cyril Falls, in his article on this page, writes: "In the air the United Nations possessed overwhelming superiority. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that they were unable at this stage of the campaign [the opening of the Chinese intervention in strength] to make full use of the weapon in their hands. . . . They were precluded from using the air arm beyond the Manchurian frontier." Weather conditions of a Korean winter also render air operations extremely difficult.

may be expected to be as good as, or better than, those of the Chinese in face of air attack. If air action is to swing the balance, as has often been suggested, it will have to be a great deal more effective than it has been in Korea.

Chinese tactics seem to have been rough and ready but effective. They have borne a strong resemblance to those which have become characteristic of Asiatic fighting and were exploited by the Japanese in Malaya and Burma



# INSIDE THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD: SCENES OF THE EVACUATION IN THE SHRINKING PERIMETER.



A STAGE IN THE CONTRACTION OF THE UNITED NATIONS' BEACH-HEAD IN NORTH-EAST KOREA: PUERTO RICAN TROOPS DEMOLISH A BRIDGE BETWEEN HAMHUNG AND ORO.

WHEN the withdrawal from the Changjin area (covered elsewhere in this issue) was completed by December 10, the next task was the evacuation of the troops and equipment now inside the Hamhung-Hungnam beach-head. This was covered from the sea by a considerable fleet, which included the battleship U.S.S. *Missouri*, the cruisers U.S.S. *Rochester* and U.S.S. *St. Paul*, six aircraft-carriers, three rocket-launcher ships, a host of destroyers and minesweepers and a number of hospital ships. On December 16 X Corps abandoned the industrial town of Hamhung after destroying all rail and road bridges, tunnels and strategic buildings, and the following day left the Yonpo airstrip, where they demolished supplies and a damaged C-119 transport aircraft. By December 19 the beach-head was reduced to a strip two miles deep and five miles wide. The Chinese had made several attacks, but these, thanks perhaps to intensive naval and aerial bombardment, were not pressed very strongly.



THE EVACUATION OF THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD: HEAVY STORES, INCLUDING TRUCKS AND AIRCRAFT FUSELAGES, AWAITING LOADING IN THE PORT OF HUNGNAM, INSIDE THE PERIMETER.



EVACUATING THE WOUNDED BY AIR: AIRCRAFT LEAVING THE YONPO AIRSTRIP. THIS AIRSTRIP WAS EVACUATED ON DECEMBER 17.



MOVING IN TOWARDS A SMOKING BUILDING WHICH HAD SHELTERED COMMUNIST SNIPERS: U.S. MARINES IN AN INCIDENT INSIDE THE PERIMETER AT THE PORT OF HUNGNAM.



EVACUATING THE FIGHTING MEN BY SEA: UNITED NATIONS TROOPS, AMONG WHOM CAN BE SEEN AMERICANS AND BRITISH, AWAITING EMBARKATION AT HUNGNAM.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THIS is the season of chestnuts, beloved of old and young alike, and as most good stories are in fact chestnuts, I make no excuse for telling one. It is a romantic and in many ways an hilarious tale which made a considerable impression upon me in my extreme youth, and one which I thought had passed into current legend until I spoke about it recently to some young people, to learn that to them it had all the freshness of a new discovery. One forgets how quickly events which make a great stir at the time pass into oblivion—and this was more than a nine-days'-wonder.

Once upon a time, then—I'm not sure that all good stories should not begin with this phrase—income tax was 1s. 8d., or maybe 1s. 3d., in the pound (I forget which), King Edward VII. was on the throne, and a golden sovereign was worth twenty shillings, neither more nor less. We are, in short, in a fabulous age. Suddenly, the Rokeby Venus—"Venus With the Mirror" (Fig. 2)—that noble painting by Velasquez, came on the market and was in imminent danger of crossing the Atlantic. The price was formidable, £45,000, and, as was invariably the case, the Government of the day could not bring itself to offer any help. There was, however, in existence a little band of enthusiasts formed into a society called the National Art-Collections Fund which, in its second year, enjoyed an income of £900 per annum, derived from voluntary contributions. This infant Society beat a drum or two, passed round the hat, collected the money in two months, and presented the picture to the National Gallery.

Meanwhile, the hosts of Midian were gathering and conducted a noisy campaign, first to prevent the purchase, and then to destroy the poor girl's reputation. She was not by Velasquez at all, they said, but by his son-in-law, Del Mazo, and by dint of looking very hard at the canvas they even detected Del Mazo's signature. Others said that even if it were not a modern imitation, it had been completely repainted after a fire, and so on. The whole episode occupied an astonishing amount of space in the newspapers, and all kinds of cranks seized the opportunity to air their views. In due course a distinguished committee held an inquest and vindicated the lady—and there she still is, without a stain upon her character. The ordeal she underwent was neatly summed up in an amusing drawing, bearing the inscription "Lie down, my dear, it will soon be over," with which Professor Tonks illustrated a letter to D. S. Maccoll. True enough, it was, but she was destined to experience yet another adventure which might have proved fatal; not long before the 1914 war, when the Suffragette agitation was at its height, a woman who had concealed a small hatchet in her handbag took a slash at her; luckily the damage was small and could be skilfully repaired.

In those far-off days we were not in the habit of getting ourselves involved in the theories of contending psychologists—we just said, "Oh, well, there's a fanatic calling attention to the wrongs of women by damaging a famous picture." Had we not been such simple souls we should no doubt have debated gravely why the poor woman had chosen this particularly lovely ornament of her sex as a target and not some tyrannical man—Phillip IV., for example—and we should have trotted out all the jargon about Id and the Ego, and what not.

As I have said, we were a simple lot and had not yet acquired a liking for playing poker with the subconscious. All this rather gives the impression that the Fund is only



FIG. 1. "CHRISTINA DUCHESS OF MILAN"; BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER (1497-1543), PURCHASED BY THE N.A.-C.F. FOR £72,000 IN 1909, AND PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This magnificent portrait was in 1909 purchased for £72,000 by the National Art-Collections Fund and presented to the National Gallery. The sitter, daughter of Christian II. of Denmark and of Isabella of Spain, was living as a young widow at the Court at Brussels in 1538 when Holbein was sent with the mission who went to discuss a project for her marriage to Henry VIII. (an offer which she declined) and made drawings of her. H.M. the King has graciously lent his portrait of her, after Holbein, to the current exhibition, "Holbein and Other Masters," at Burlington House, and the Earl of Stamford's version of the picture from Hans Holbein's studio is also on view there.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.



FIG. 2. "THE ROKEBY VENUS"; BY VELASQUEZ (1599-1660), PURCHASED BY THE N.A.-C.F. FOR £45,000 AND PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN 1906.

Frank Davis, in the article on this page, discusses the work of the National Art-Collections Fund. When the Society was but in its second year, it had an annual income of £900, but in 1906 it succeeded in collecting the huge sum of £43,000 in order to purchase Velasquez's "Rokeby Venus" for the National Gallery.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

stirred into activity by some extraordinary set of circumstances, and is only concerned with very rare and expensive works of art. It is true that we have to thank its committee and members for the acquisition of many great masterpieces which have cost a mint of money—for example, Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" (Fig. 1), in the National Gallery, which, like Velasquez's "Venus," would have gone to one of the great American collections had not the Fund stepped in and raised the immense sum of £72,000. And that is another story. £32,000 had been collected with great difficulty, when a telegram arrived from abroad asking how much was still required. "£40,000," was the answer. The reply came back: "I will give the £40,000. But you must never reveal my name." The donor was a woman, and she had given a third of her fortune. The promise of anonymity has, of course, been kept. But in fact the great work the Fund has done and is doing goes far beyond the acquisition of such things, as its annual reports show ever since its foundation in 1903, when it had about 300 members. Its taste in art is catholic and it does not limit its gifts to the great museums in the capital. Looking at random through the most recent report—that for 1949—one reads:

"Landscape by John Constable. Purchased by the Bristol City Art Gallery for £850, with the aid of a contribution of £500 from the National Art-Collections Fund."

"Landscape by Abraham Bloemart. Purchased for £650 and presented to the Leamington Spa Art Gallery."

"Gold Medal of James VI. of Scotland. Purchased for £440 by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland with the aid of a contribution of £220 from the National Art-Collections Fund and presented to the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland."

"Pair of Fountains from Trafalgar Square—the two famous fountains of red granite designed by Sir Charles Barry and erected in 1845. The Square, as everyone knows, is now redesigned as a memorial to Lords Beatty and Jellicoe. The old fountains were bought by the Fund for £200 and presented to the National Gallery of Canada for erection in Ottawa."

And so one could go on, showing how widely the Society spreads its net and how varied are its interests. In the second year of its existence its membership had grown from the first 300 to 551. By 1930 it was over 12,000. As a result of the Second World War it is now down below 7000, and the Committee is anxious to see it re-established in its pre-war vigour and more. This ambition is by no means merely a matter of securing further subscribers—the minimum subscription is only one guinea—but derives from the conviction that any voluntary society which undertakes a public duty must be revitalised continually by new members. In this case, the aim of the Fund is two-

fold—to secure works of art of all periods to enrich the museums and galleries of the British Commonwealth, and to organise public opinion, and this latter object can best be attained by the personal efforts of many thousands of informed individuals so that the importance of presenting things of beauty for the enjoyment of the whole nation can be thoroughly understood by all and sundry.

Members, by the way, have many privileges. They are entitled to use various reading-rooms and libraries without the normal formalities, and for many years the Fund has arranged visits to notable private collections which are not otherwise open to the public. They also receive invitations to special private views of important London exhibitions. Sir Robert Witt is President, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres Chairman, Sir Alec Martin Hon. Secretary, with a very distinguished Executive Committee. The offices are at Hertford House, Manchester Square, London, W.1.



# A CHAPEL FROM A NISSEN HUT, BUILT BY ITALIAN PRISONERS IN THE ORKNEYS.



A REMARKABLE EXPOSITION OF *TROMPE-L'ŒIL* PAINTING; THE BRICKWORK AND CARVED MASONRY ARE CLEVERLY SIMULATED BY PAINTING ON THE INTERIOR OF THE NISSEN HUT.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL: THE ALTAR IS OF CONCRETE, WITH FURNISHINGS MADE FROM SCRAP, AND A SCREEN CONSTRUCTED FROM IRON RODS FOR REINFORCING CONCRETE.



LINKING MAINLAND, PRINCIPAL ISLAND OF THE ORKNEYS, TO LAMB HOLM: A THIN LINE OF GREAT CONCRETE CUBES WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED BY ITALIAN P.O.W.'S.



THE ALTAR AND PAINTING OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD: THE TABERNACLE, CANDLESTICKS AND CROSS WERE MADE OUT OF SCRAP.

A TOUCHING monument to human piety stands on Lamb Holm, Orkney Islands. It is a chapel built by Italian prisoners of war from an Army Nissen hut, and the story of its creation takes us back to the early days of the Second World War. A German U-boat penetrated to what was believed to be the British Navy's impregnable anchorage in the midst of the Orkney Islands—Scapa Flow. Island had been linked to island by scuttling ships across the sounds, leaving only two entrances to be closed by booms, but in spite of this the *Royal Oak* was torpedoed with great loss of life. Mr. Churchill at once visited the scene and ordered that permanent barriers be built. Materials there were in plenty in the Isles, but labour was inadequate. When thousands of Italian prisoners were taken in North Africa, they provided the solution. North they came from sunny Africa to the rain and winds and cloudy skies of the Orkneys, there to labour quarrying rock, gathering sand, mixing concrete and casting huge 10-ton blocks and dumping them into the sea. They lived on Lamb Holm, less than 100 acres in extent and otherwise uninhabited, occupying standard British Army Nissen huts. The prisoners had no church or chapel, but they set to work to make one. They cased a Nissen hut in concrete and succeeded in painting the stark inner surface in clever *trompe l'œil*, with simulated vaulting and brickwork, and carved masonry; while a wrought-iron screen was constructed from the iron rods for reinforcing concrete. The altar was made from concrete and the candlesticks, bell, tabernacle and lamps out of scrap wood and metal, and a picture of the Virgin Mary and Child painted and installed. The foot of the panel under the altar has been damaged by some mischance. A huge concrete statue of St. George was also constructed and stands at what was once the centre of the prisoners-of-war camp—now deserted. It bears the inscription "P di G Italiani li 7.8.1943," recording that it was the work of Italian prisoners of war.



CONSTRUCTED OUT OF CONCRETE: THE FIGURE OF ST. GEORGE AT THE MAIN CROSSING OF ROADS IN THE FORMER ITALIAN P.O.W. CAMP, LAMB HOLM.





AN IMPRESSION OF A NIGHT PATROL BOAT OF THE THAMES RIVER POLICE SURPRISING MODERN DESCENDANTS OF THE OLD 'RIVER PIRATES' STEALING CARGO FROM A VESSEL UNLOADING IN THE POOL'. BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THIS SILENT (AND SENIOR) SERVICE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE IN 1798, THE THAMES WAS INFESTED WITH DESPERATE CHARACTERS KNOWN AS 'HEAVY AND LIGHT HORSEMEN', 'GAME WATER' AND 'LIGHTER MEN', 'NIGHT PLUNDERERS', 'SCUFFLE HUNTERS', 'MUD-LARKS', 'RIVER PIRATES', ETC., WHO PREYED ON THE SHIPPING WITH IMPUNITY —

THE NIGHT WATCH ON THE WORLD'S BEST-POLICED WATERWAY: A THAMES POLICE LAUNCH SURPRISES WITH ITS SEARCHLIGHT THIEVES AT WORK ON LIGHTERS IN LONDON RIVER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.





LONDON'S RIVER POLICE: THE WORLD'S ONLY FLOATING POLICE STATION, AND THE DIVISIONAL H.Q. AT WAPPING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.





RIVER RESCUE AND RIVER DETECTION: ROUTINE TASKS OF THE 152-YEAR-OLD THAMES RIVER POLICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN writing "geraniums," I mean the true geraniums or crane's-bills, and not the plants which are bedded-out each summer in front of Buckingham Palace, like splendid rugs of

blinding scarlet laid upon the emerald sward. They, of course, are pelargoniums. The true geraniums are a race of hardy plants, closely related to the scarlet, pink or white splendours popularly known by that name, yet botanically quite distinct. Pelargoniums include not only the scarlet bedders which in Victorian days were massed with a surround of yellow calceolarias and blue lobelias, but the larger-flowered race, usually grown in pots, and to-day seen chiefly in cottage windows. They have a much shorter season of flowering than the bedders. These two types are known respectively as zonals and regals. In addition, there are the many scented-leaved pelargoniums, and a great number of South African species, less showy than the brilliant, long-flowering zonals, but many of them extremely beautiful in a more individual way. These last are seldom seen outside botanic gardens.

This confusion of names—the true hardy geraniums or crane's-bills, and the so-called bedding "geraniums"—misled me as a boy into my first attempt at plant-breeding, by hybridisation. I had a grand idea, brilliant in conception—except that the subject of my experiment failed to conceive. We had growing in one of the flower borders a plant of the wild British crane's-bill, *Geranium pratense*, which is surely one of the loveliest of all British wild flowers with its heads of big blue blossoms, an inch or so across and exquisitely veined. We had, too, in the cool greenhouse, a plant of a white-flowered bedding "geranium." These two, I thought, shall meet—and marry. The white geranium shall be mated to the blue fellow in the border, to produce a hybrid race of blue bedding geraniums. That would shake 'em. So simple, so obvious. Why had no one ever thought of it before? I had been shown the pollen-bus—a paintbrush business, and so with infinite care, tact and delicacy I performed the nuptial ceremony. Nothing happened. Not a seed was set. I had been told that it was useless to mate a rose to a hollyhock, or a snapdragon to a sweet pea. What I had not been told was that my white "geranium" was not a geranium, but a pelargonium. I might as well have tried to mate a cat to a dog, hoping to produce a pet with the engaging habit of for ever chasing itself.

As garden plants the true geraniums or crane's-bills fall roughly into two groups: those which on account of their height and size are best for the flower borders or the wild garden, and the dwarfier species which are more suitable for the rock-garden. The taller species are delightful, too, for planting in rough grass which is scythed once or perhaps twice a year, the first cutting being

## GERANIUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

done after the crane's-bills have finished flowering. It is in such a grass setting that the Meadow Crane's-bill, *Geranium pratense*, grows wild in Britain.

Here in the Cotswolds it grows by the acre, and by the mile in roadside grass. Standing some 18 ins. to 2 ft. tall, it carries its big blue flowers in wide panicles. They are not an absolutely true pure blue, but have a faint wash of violet. I grow a very lovely pale, luminous, lavender-blue variety which I

and rather more violet in colour than the normal wild type.

It is a fine border plant—except in the eyes of those who blindly hate all double flowers. I once found a colony of the double *G. pratense* growing apparently wild and mixed with the single, in a meadow in south-west Scotland. In autumn the leaves of the Meadow Crane's-bill often turn to brilliant orange and scarlet for a short while before their final collapse.

The Wood Geranium, *G. sylvaticum*, another British native, is a slimmer, slighter plant than *G. pratense* with smaller flowers, varying through tones of blue and rosy lilac. It is less important as a garden plant than *pratense*, but worth naturalising among shrubs, in half-wild parts of the garden, or in grass. The same might be said of the Dusky Crane's-bill, *Geranium phaeum*, with its curious sombre purplish blossoms.

*Geranium sanguineum* is rather dwarfer. The colour of its flowers, in the region of what is popularly called magenta, is a trifle difficult and quarrelsome in the garden. The best plan is to plant it with strong violet as a neighbour—such a plant as the cluster-headed *Campanula glomerata dahurica*. Perhaps the handsomest of all the crane's-bills is *Geranium arvense*, but this, like the Bloody Crane's-bill, must have its neighbours chosen with tact. The plant grows about 3 ft. high, with fine panicles of flowers about the size of the blue *Geranium pratense*. Their colour is rather that of *G. sanguineum*, but deep, strong and intense, with a dusky, almost black, central eye. I don't know what colour a colour chart would call it, but failing that guide to refer to, I would describe it as a ferocious claret magenta. It's terrific, but to my mind magnificent, especially when seen in association with violet and plenty of green. One great virtue of this fine plant is the industrious way in which it goes on flowering month after summer month. I would place it high among hardy herbaceous plants, for it has any amount of individual character. But it must be kept away from salmon-pinks, and personally I would keep it from most tones of gold or yellow. Give

it instead a background of green and a surround of silver-grey, and then let it rub shoulders with pure violet. In rough grass, too, it is superb.

Meanwhile, a word about this rough-grass planting. The plan of planting daffodils in the grass, to be scythed when the leaves have matured and withered, is

common enough. But few ever think of extending the idea to other plants. Yet this is a delightful branch of gardening, and the taller crane's-bills are ideal for the purpose. They should be planted mixed and widely scattered, and with them may go such other things as the stronger-growing columbines, the tall, pink Alpine bistort, globe flowers if the soil is not too dry and poor, and a hundred other things that go to make the flowered hayfields of the Alps. But the Alpine meadow in the garden is a subject that must wait for an article to itself.



"SURELY ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ALL BRITISH WILD FLOWERS WITH ITS HEADS OF BIG BLUE BLOSSOMS, AN INCH OR SO ACROSS, AND EXQUISITELY VEINED": THE MEADOW CRANE'S-BILL, FROM A PENCIL-AND-WASH DRAWING BY PERHAPS THE MOST EMINENT OF MODERN FLOWER PORTRAITISTS, JOHN NASH, A.R.A.

collected in the Eastern Pyrenees. I have grown it for many years, always in grass, but it is worthy of a place in any herbaceous border which is not too inhumanly sophisticated.

There is, too, a handsome double-flowered variety. The flowers are very fully double, almost button-like

### "WITH BEST WISHES"

There is still time for a belated Christmas present or a New Year gift—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

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PRIVILEGED IN HIS FOOLING AS A MEDIÆVAL COURT JESTER: AN INDIAN RAJ GOND FESTIVAL DANCE BUFFOON.

One of the features of the Harvest Dance of the Raj Gonds, described by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf on other pages, is provided by the masked buffoons. The Professor writes: "Every group of Gond dancers is accompanied by three or four buffoons when they visit other villages in ceremonial fashion, and on such occasions these buffoons have licence for all manner of horseplay and unbridled foolery.

Huge crowns of peacock feathers, rimmed with ornaments of coiled peacock quills, lend them super-human height, and bushy beards and moustaches conceal their features. Their faces are daubed with powdered chalk, and their bodies, naked but for a narrow orange-coloured apron, are painted black and white and hung with multiple strings of snail-shells, cowries, melon-pips and small pellet bells. . . "

*Photograph by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf, Ph.D.*



# AN INDIAN PEASANT CULTURE EXPRESSED DANDARI FESTIVAL, WITH



AT THE HEAD OF A PROCESSION OF DANDARI DANCERS: THREE BUFFOONS, PAINTED BLACK AND WHITE, BRANDISHING WOODEN CLUBS AND WEARING GOAT-SKIN CLOAKS

Professor Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, Ph.D. (Reader in Anthropology in the University of London at the School of Oriental and African Studies), has contributed to "The Illustrated London News" on several occasions. He writes as follows of the Gond Dances.

THE Raj Gonds, a Dravidian-speaking tribe living in the northern highlands of Hyderabad State are a branch of the great Gond race, which is distributed over large parts of Middle India. They are representative of one of the oldest racial elements in the Indian population and their ancient culture stands out from the more advanced civilisations of neighbouring Hindu and Muslim communities. Though to-day they have adopted many features of rural Deccan culture . . . they have yet retained many aspects of a distinct tribal heritage. A mythology peculiar to the Gond people is the background to a complex pattern of religious rites which culminate in the celebration of elaborate seasonal festivals. During these festivals the Gonds' artistic feeling finds expression in dancing and music, which in a changing world are almost the only outlets for the creative forces of a fundamentally



PACING ELEGANTLY ROUND A CIRCLE OF DANCING WOMEN, HIS PELLET-BELL ANKLETS TINKLING AT EVERY STEP: A BUFFOON WEARING A CYLINDRICAL HEAD-RESS.



A FIGURE IN THE STICK-DANCE, PERFORMED BY TWO MEN, EACH OF WHOM CARRIES FOUR STICKS. THEY RATTLE AND CLICK THEIR OWN STICKS TOGETHER, AND AGAINST THOSE OF THEIR PARTNER IN TURN, TO MARK THE RHYTHM.

(Continued opposite)



COMBINED IN A GREAT DANCE OF "WILD MEN": BUFFOONS OF SEVERAL BANDS OF DANDARI DANCERS, UNDERLYING THEIR PERFORMANCE IS THE IDEA THAT THEY ARE PRIVILEGED TO DO USUALLY FORBIDDEN THINGS.



A BURLESQUE INTERLUDE BY BUFFOONS, LIKE THE CLOWNS IN A CIRCUS, THEY ENTERTAIN THE ONLOOKERS WHILE THE DANCERS ARE RESTING.

Photographs by Professor C. von

# BY DANCE AND BUFFOONERY: THE GOND "CLOWNS" AND BOY "BALLERINAS."



BOYS DRESSED AS WOMEN: A DANCE IN WHICH HALF THE PERFORMERS WEAR FEMININE ATTIRE—BLUE OR RED SARI DRAPED TO FORM HOODS.



THE MUSICIANS AND THEIR INSTRUMENTS: THEY SING AND PLAY EARTHENWARE DRUMS, CLOSING THE SMALLER OPEN END WITH THE LEFT HAND AS WITH THE RIGHT HAND THEY STRIKE THE WIDER END, WHICH IS CLOSED WITH A MEMBRANE.



A BUFFOON WHO HAS CLIMBED A ROOF. THESE "CLOWNS" ENJOY PRIVILEGES SIMILAR TO THOSE ACCORDED TO MEDIEVAL COURT JESTERS.

Fürer-Haimendorf, Ph.D.



FORMING A RING BY EACH HOLDING ONE END OF THE WOODEN CLUBS THEY CARRY: BUFFOONS DANCING WHILE, IN THE BACKGROUND, WOMEN CIRCLE SEPARATELY.

Continued.  
primitive people. . . . The Gonds' principal dance feast, known as the Dandari Festival, which is illustrated on these pages, is celebrated in the early autumn, soon after the harvest of the monsoon crops. For ten days all work stops and bands of young men and women journey from village to village, entertaining their friends and neighbours with songs, dances and comic, dramatic performances. Each band is accompanied by several buffoons, young men wearing fantastic head-dresses of peacock feathers, who have painted their skin with chalk and soot. These buffoons dance round the groups of serious dancers, and often interrupt the dances with their burlesques and all sorts of horse-play. The girls and women dance in separate groups, but among the main dancers are young boys, who are dressed in women's clothes and act the part of girls in a particular type of stick dance. All main dancers carry short batons, which they click together in the rhythm of the dance. A group of singers with earthenware and wooden drums is attached to every band, and these men provide with their songs and skilful drumming the musical accompaniment.



A DANCER WEARING A WOODEN MASK, PAINTED RED AND YELLOW, WHICH IS CONSIDERED SACRED, AND HAS INCENSE OFFERED TO IT BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE OPENS.

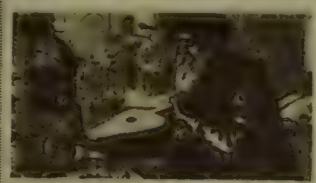


FORMING AN INCOMPLETE CIRCLE AND DANCING ALONG, EACH ONE CLASPING THE SHOULDER OF THE GIRL NEXT TO HER: THE WOMEN, WHO NEVER DANCE WITH THE MEN IN THE GOND FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### FOSSIL EGGS FROM TANGANYIKA.

By W. E. SWINTON, D.Sc.

RECENT accounts in the Press have drawn attention to the discovery of fossilised eggs in a sandstone deposit in Tanganyika. The eggs have been sent to the British Museum (Natural History) in London, where preliminary examinations have been made upon them and on the rock that surrounds them. The actual discovery was made by officers of the Tanganyika Geological Survey in the Mbeya District, which has so far revealed very little of any guidance to the survey geologists. The point is of importance, for a report from Dar-es-Salaam said that the finds were of Triassic or Jurassic age, although the Director of the Survey, Dr. G. M. Stockley, has clearly suggested a Cretaceous age for them.

The discovery of egg-like objects may be expected to be of interest, as anything that may be connected with the dinosaurs has always a considerable appeal. It might also be expected that nothing could be simpler than to examine such remains even superficially and to pronounce without hesitation conclusions about their identity. It is the purpose of this article to stress the difficulties that attend such an investigation, and also the points of interest that emerge. Although bones of the animals of the past are of the greatest interest, since they help to build a satisfactory picture of the mechanism and appearance of the creatures, ancillary evidence, such as eggs and footprints, are valuable as pointers to the biology and environment of the animals, too.

In the present instance the final words on the provenance of the eggs have not been spoken. The geological age of the deposits that contain them is by no means clear. The matrix—the stone surrounding the specimens—is a hard red sandstone of a kind that is not unlike certain of the Triassic rocks. The only satisfactory way to fix the age of a deposit which is not widespread or related to already dated deposits is through the identification of the fossils it may contain. This Tanganyika deposit has no such convenient clues. A small piece of bone was found near to the site of the present find and was sent to a prominent South African palaeontologist, who thought it was reptilian and probably dinosaurian. Consequently it was natural to assume that the eggs might also be reptilian and perhaps those of a dinosaur.

Dinosaurs lived from the Triassic to the end of the Cretaceous, that is, from about 200,000,000 until about 60,000,000 years ago. They were reptiles, with the attributes—or most of them—of that class; that is, they were cold-blooded and had scaly skins. They laid eggs, though, as in some kinds of reptiles, it is not improbable that in a few dinosaurs the eggs were hatched within the body, so that living young were born.

The remains of complete or fragmentary eggs of reptiles of great geological age are well known from several parts of the world. In England fossil eggs have been found in the Jurassic deposits of Whitby and near Cirencester. These are small objects quite similar in appearance to hens' eggs. There is no doubt that they are eggs, but again their parentage is conjectural. These particular specimens have been named *Oolithes bathonica*, and are now generally assumed to be eggs of the crocodiles typically associated with the deposits. It will be clear that such objects, imprisoned for so many millions of years in the rocks and themselves as hard as their surroundings, may

yield little to the investigator, however well he may be equipped.

Many years ago a larger, but more incomplete, specimen of approximately the same age was found in a clay pit at Peterborough. The brick-pits of that region had produced a magnificent collection of fossil reptiles, including crocodiles, ichthyosaurs and a few dinosaurs. This egg, for such it seems to be, is hard, with a polished surface, and is considerably larger than the crocodile eggs just mentioned. It resembles

their parentage and of their geological age. Individual eggs were found in some numbers, some of which were sold to provide funds for the continuance of the Museum's work. A nest of eggs was found, from which it seems that the female dinosaur walked slowly round in a slightly decreasing circle while depositing them, for they were neatly piled in the sandy nest. The eggs were found in association with remains of both adult and young skeletons of *Protoceratops*, a primitive horned dinosaur. By a coincidence the British Museum collections have just been enriched by three of the original skulls from the American Museum's series. A cast of the nest of eggs and of individual eggs, as well as pieces of the actual shell, have, however, been in our galleries for some years. The eggs themselves are ellipsoids about 6 ins. long. In one or two cases they have given evidence of embryonic remains. Samples from the series were studied minutely by Dr. V. van Straelen, of Brussels, in 1925, and his report makes it clear that these particular eggs have shells rather different from those of modern reptiles but with close similarity to those of modern birds. It should be mentioned that the dinosaurs and the birds have ancestral relationships. The *Protoceratops* eggs were associated with another kind of dinosaurian egg, which differed from them in the microscopic structure of the minute canals of the shell and were rather similar to the Rognac eggs.

From all of this evidence several things are clear. That the provenance of eggs is in nearly all cases conjectural and doubtful; that their geological age is proved by other things, and that the actual shape of dinosaur eggs may depart from the elliptical and elongated pattern that is usually considered typical of the reptiles. Dinosaur eggs, like those of birds, have a shell of carbonate and phosphate of lime and are usually 1 mm. thick at least. The two Tanganyika eggs have been chemically altered but have the same thickness. The shells are, however, so highly charged with calcite that no other structure is shown under the microscope and the surface is so pitted and generally roughened that no real evidence of the pores is seen. The general appearance and the cracks are characteristic of eggs. Although they are incomplete, their shape is clearly that of a flattened sphere, recalling the Peterborough and the Rognac eggs. None the less, the eggs have a very close similarity in their dimensions with those of ostrich eggs. The long axis, for example, is 15 cm.; the other 14 cm., and the thickness 12 cm. The major circumference is 45.7 cm. Some of these measurements are



A NORTH AMERICAN DESCENDANT OF THE DINOSAURS THAT LAID THE FOSSIL EGGS DISCOVERED IN MONGOLIA IN 1923: *MONOCLONIUS NABICORNUS*, A HORNED DINOSAUR WHOSE SKELETON WAS FOUND ON THE RED DEER RIVER, ALBERTA, IN 1914.

In the article on this page, Dr. W. E. Swinton discusses the recent discovery of fossil eggs, thought to be those of dinosaurs, in a sandstone deposit in Tanganyika, which are now being examined at the British Museum (Natural History). On the facing page we illustrate one of the eggs, together with the dinosaur eggs discovered in Mongolia in 1923 by an expedition organised by the American Museum of Natural History and led by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews. Here we reproduce an illustration from *The Illustrated London News* of December 15, 1923, of a North American descendant of the dinosaurs which laid the eggs in the Gobi Desert, based on a skeleton, 17 ft. long and 6 ft. high, found on the Red Deer River in Alberta in 1914.

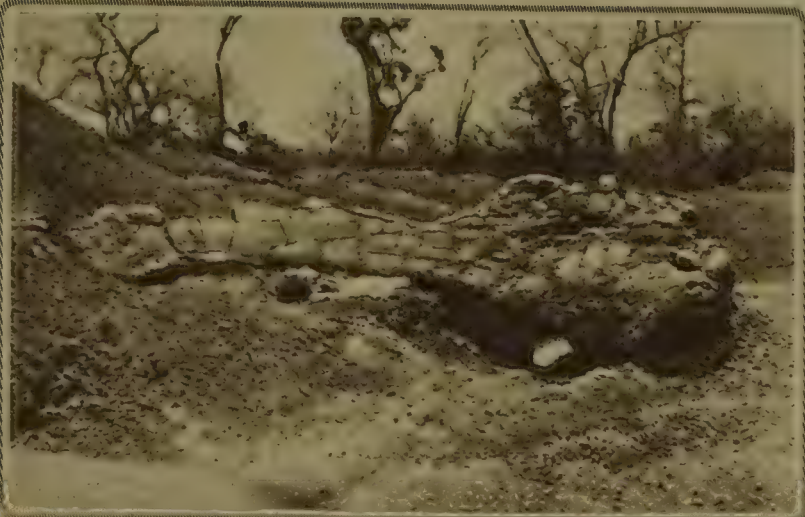
in size a squashed grape-fruit, but its shape is not entirely due to distortion. At Rognac, in France, in a deposit of younger geological age, the remains of a large amphibious dinosaur have been found associated with an egg, and pieces of similar eggs are in the Geological Department of the British Museum. The egg is spherical, and since there is more surety in its association with actual skeletal remains, it suggests, with the evidence from Peterborough, that some of these large *Brontosaurus*-like dinosaurs laid spherical eggs.

The most remarkable find of reptilian eggs of recent years was made by an expedition of the American Museum of Natural History to the Gobi Desert of Mongolia in 1923. There seems very little doubt of the circumstances in which these eggs were laid, of

almost those of the largest eggs of *Struthio*, the South African ostrich, yet the cubic capacity is greater, and the shape is flatter and is certainly not due to deformation. The shell is a reddish-white colour.

In view of the remarks made above, it may not be surprising that there should be a close approach to the bird's-egg features or that the shape of the eggs bears no obvious clue to the group involved. What is quite clear is that the rock may be younger geologically than is at present suggested, and the Tanganyika Survey are at the moment dealing with this problem. Under these circumstances the parentage of these new fossil eggs would seem to be as arbitrary as that of most of their predecessors in geological time and palaeontological history. Whatever it may be will, however, be of geological interest for the Territory.





RECALLING THE DISCOVERY OF OVER 600 FOSSIL BONES OF DINOSAURS AND OTHER ANIMALS AT TENDAGURU, IN TANGANYIKA, BY A BRITISH MUSEUM EXPEDITION IN 1924: THE SHOULDER-BLADE OF A GIGANTIC DINOSAUR MEASURING 6 FT. 2 INS.

## A DINOSAUR EGG FROM TANGANYIKA?: A FIND RELATED TO OTHER DISCOVERIES.



A REMARKABLE FIND BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY EXPEDITION TO THE GOBI DESERT IN 1923: A MORE OR LESS SPIRAL SERIES OF DINOSAUR EGGS.

IT was reported recently that members of the Tanganyika Government geological survey department, when prospecting in the south-west border territory south of Lake Rukwa, had found some fossil eggs in a sandstone deposit. These eggs have now been sent to the British Museum (Natural History) for expert examination and study, where Dr. W. E. Swinton, who contributes the article on the facing page, has confirmed that the remains are indeed fossil eggs. Their age and parentage, however, are still matters for speculation and, though it is thought that they may be dinosaur eggs, there is as yet no positive evidence. In this connection it is interesting to recall that a British Museum Expedition found at Tendaguru, Tanganyika, in 1924, hundreds of fossil bones of dinosaurs and other animals, one of which we illustrate on this page, and the year before an American Museum of Natural History expedition to the Gobi Desert, in Mongolia, discovered a number of dinosaur eggs, including a nest containing a more or less spiral series of eggs identified as those of *Protoceratops*, a primitive horned dinosaur. Three skulls of this dinosaur from the series obtained by the American Museum on that occasion have recently been acquired by the British Museum.

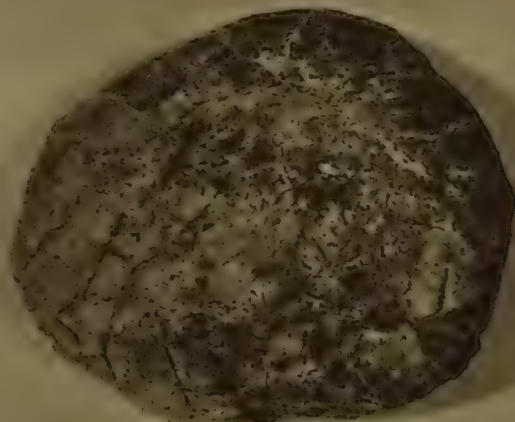
Top photograph on left supplied by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey; remainder reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.



STILL COVERED IN PART BY THE RED SANDY MATRIX: ONE OF THE FOSSIL EGGS RECENTLY DISCOVERED BY OFFICERS OF THE TANGANYIKA GEOLOGICAL SURVEY IN THE MBEYA DISTRICT, AND THOUGHT TO BE DINOSAUR EGGS.



FOUND IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE FOSSIL EGGS IN THE GOBI DESERT: THE SKULL OF A PRIMITIVE HORNED DINOSAUR, *PROTOCERATOPS ANDREWSEI*; SHOWING THE JAWS AND TEETH.



RESEMBLING IN SIZE A SQUASHED GRAPEFRUIT: A FOSSIL REPTILE EGG FOUND AT PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND, AND PERHAPS THAT OF AN AMPHIBIOUS DINOSAUR.





# The World of the Cinema.

## BIG GAME.

By ALAN DENT.

IN my boyhood—my earliest boyhood—Conan Doyle was my literary bread, Rider Haggard my butter, and Mrs. Henry Wood my occasional jam. To this day, when I have an occasional bout of insomnia, I can “drop off” somewhere between the thirties and forties in enumerating the voluminous output of one or other of these authors. The strain of recollecting the title of something recondite by one of them—say “The Gully of Bluemansdyke,” in Doyle, “The Lady of Blossholme,” in Haggard, or “Lord Oakburn’s

of King Solomon’s Mines. It is a form of penance on Elizabeth’s part since she had not loved her husband and had made him unhappy.”

With extreme forbearance I desist from comment; I even refrain from italicising that last sentence to draw unnecessary attention to its celluloid psychology. Let me only divulge a further nuance of the plot—that by which Elizabeth, after a preliminary antagonism

Miss Kerr’s dress—a moment when Mr. Granger looks cooler than any cucumber, and Miss Kerr irresistibly recalls Little Miss Muffet. Rider Haggard himself would have enjoyed this instant. What he would have made of every other instant passes the wit of man to imagine.

It is not so very far a cry as may be thought from “King Solomon’s Mines” to “All About Eve,” a drama about theatrical life on Broadway. For here, too, be lions and lionesses and cobras and deadly spiders, and a remarkable example of the “fretful porpentine” in the shape of a profoundly sophisticated dramatic critic (inimitably well presented by George Sanders).

The principal lioness is a major actress in decline. Bette Davis has been hailed in this part as giving “the performance of her career.” But this is a brilliant artist who for some years has been making almost every performance as it comes along “the performance of her career.” Think of “Dark Victory,” and then of “The Little Foxes,” and then of “The Letter”—to name only a few of her shinings and out-shinings. Her tantrums as this spoiled Broadway actress are never less than magnificent,



WHAT RIDER HAGGARD WOULD HAVE MADE OF THIS FILM “PASSES THE WIT OF MAN TO IMAGINE”: “KING SOLOMON’S MINES,” A SCENE FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER’S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION, SHOWING (L. TO R.) UMBOPA (SIRIAQUE); ALLAN QUATERMAIN (STEWART GRANGER); ELIZABETH CURTIS (DEBORAH KERR) AND JOHN GOOD (RICHARD CARLSON) DRINKING FROM AN OASIS ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT ON THE LAST LAP OF THEIR JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE WATUSSI TRIBE. THE FILM WAS MADE IN AFRICA.

Daughters,” among the governessy output of Mrs. Wood—will usually put me firmly to sleep at last.

Haggard was a particular passion around the time when I was twelve or thirteen, and I thought that to be an elephant-hunter was as far as human ambition might reasonably go. (Some five or six years were to elapse before I came to think that the craft of criticism might prove just as adventurous and rather safer.)

It may seem odd if I confess, after all this preamble, that I have waited till now to read “King Solomon’s Mines,” which has just been filmed again. Distinctly odd, because this—with the possible and probable exception of “She”—is surely the most famous and widely read of Haggard’s romances. I have no rival—even among readers one-third of my age, or less—in my admiration of others of the Quatermain series, like “Allan Quatermain” or “Allan’s Wife” or “Nada the Lily” (all three of which would make marvellous films if they had ever entered the ken of the film-makers). Yet it just does so happen—and I realise that I am rather in the position of a novel-reader who has consumed half-a-dozen of R. D. Blackmore’s romances without ever reaching “Lorna Doone.”

The film, it must be confessed, was no great fillip to my belated perusal of this romance, which is, in its way, a masterpiece. Of the three white treasure-hunters—Allan Quatermain, Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, R.N. (whom I already knew well, of course, from the sequels)—Captain Good is absolutely unrecognisable, Sir Henry does not appear at all, and Allan is presented by Stewart Granger as a hard-bitten, hairy-chested tough about half of Allan’s age. The quest in the novel is for Sir Henry’s brother and the Mines. The quest in the film is for Sir Henry himself and the Mines; and Sir Henry is replaced by an entirely new character (played by Deborah Kerr).

Some years of experience have taught me not to trust my pen when indignation shakes it. So I shall let the film’s synopsis—as handed to the Press—reveal this brazen departure from the original story: “Young and beautiful Elizabeth Curtis, accompanied by her brother, John Good, is bent upon penetrating the most inaccessible part of the Dark Continent in the hope of finding her husband, Henry Curtis, who had gone to Africa a year ago in search

to Allan because of his contempt for her womanly ways and her ideas of suitable jungle-clothing, gradually finds him as irresistible as he does her. And long before they stumble upon poor Sir Henry’s skeleton in the caves of Kaluana, they have stumbled upon the fact that they are—again in synoptical phrase—“drawn to each other.”

This film was “shot” in Africa and made in colour. And it is readily allowed that the landscapes are often lovely, that the wild animals of every imaginable African sort are absolutely amazing, and that the natives—led by Siriaque, who plays Umbopa, and Baiziga, who plays King Twala and is apparently 7 ft. high at least—act with a superb lack of self-consciousness which makes Mr. Granger and Miss Kerr look like mere film-stars. There is one delicious moment when Mr. Granger flicks a colossal spider from



“THEY STUMBLE UPON POOR SIR HENRY’S SKELETON IN THE CAVES OF KALUANA”: ELIZABETH CURTIS (DEBORAH KERR); ALLAN QUATERMAIN (STEWART GRANGER) AND JOHN GOOD (RICHARD CARLSON—LEFT) DISCOVER KING SOLOMON’S MINES AND THE SKELETON OF ELIZABETH CURTIS’ HUSBAND; A SCENE FROM “KING SOLOMON’S MINES.”



“THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE FILM IS UNDENIABLE”: “ALL ABOUT EVE,” SHOWING MARGO (BETTE DAVIS) TELLING EVE (ANNE BAXTER), WHO HAS WON THE SARAH SIDONS AWARD, THAT “YOU CAN ALWAYS PUT YOUR AWARD WHERE YOUR HEART SHOULD BE.” ADDISON DE WITT (GEORGE SANDERS—RIGHT) AND BILL SAMPSON (GARY MERRILL) LOOK ON.

Mr. Alan Dent discusses two new films this week, “King Solomon’s Mines,” a Technicolor film based on H. Rider Haggard’s novel, which brazenly departs from the original story; and “All About Eve” (20th Century-Fox), in which Bette Davis takes the part of an actress in decline and is “Cleopatra-like in her wanton rages and in her savage wit.” Mr. Dent says that he is bound to say that he has never admired her more.

and when she decides to make a shambles of her own supper-party, there is no qualification or reservation about the shambles. Miss Davis is Cleopatra-like in her wanton rages and in her savage wit. I won’t repeat that this is “the performance of her career,” but I feel bound to say that I have never admired her more.

The film is dazzlingly well directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. It tells a tale of a little film-fan (Anne Baxter) who worms her way into the great actress’s good graces, makes herself indispensable as a secretary, tricks herself into being appointed the great actress’s understudy, secures an important part, and wins a Prize of the Year under the great actress’s very nose. Uncannily well though Miss Baxter plays the sweet little upstart, I find it hard to believe that her progress could be quite so smooth in real life (or even in the unreal life of the theatre), or that the great actress would not have “queered her pitch” long before she climbed quite so high.

But the effectiveness of the film is undeniable. Two important parts—a playwright and a producer—are not very vividly done, because the two actors who play them are far too much alike. But Celeste Holm is delightful as a thoroughly nice character (always a wise thing to have in such a jungle of cats of various sizes). And Miss Baxter is always worth watching, when one is able to stop watching Miss Davis.



# THE MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA AGAIN: GREAT ARTISTS, HUMAN AND ANIMAL.



"THE WORLD'S RACIEST, RISKIEST RIDERS IN A CRESCENDO OF INCREDIBLE EXPLOITS . . .";

THE CUMBERLANDS, CARRYING OUT ONE OF THEIR REMARKABLY SKILFUL TURNS. THEY ARE AN ALL-BRITISH TEAM.



MAKING THEIR ENGLISH DÉBUT AT OLYMPIA: THREE OF THE DEBLARS, A TROUPE OF MUSICAL BICYCLISTS, ON THEIR ECCENTRIC "MONOCYCLES."



A YOUNG ARTIST WHO HAS ROUSED GREAT ADMIRATION ON HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND: MARGOT EDWARDS, EQUESTRIENNE JUGGLER, WHOSE RÉPERTOIRE OF FEATS IS OUTSTANDING.



PLAYING A GAME OF FOOTBALL WITH EVERY APPEARANCE OF INTENSE ENJOYMENT: WACKER'S JOCKEY DOGS, WHO ALSO RIDE GALLOPING HORSES. THEY ARE PRESENTED BY JOHN COOPER, WHO WAS FORMERLY A JOCKEY.



AN ASTONISHING DISPLAY OF BALANCE: ONE OF ADOLF FISCHER'S ELEPHANTS TREADING DELICATELY ALONG A ROW OF DUMMY CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES.



AN ELEPHANT TURNS BARBER: ONE OF ADOLF FISCHER'S ARTISTS GIVING HIS "CLIENT" A SPRAY TO MAKE HIS FACE FEEL FRESH.

One of the joys of the Christmas holiday season in London is the coming of the Bertram Mills Circus. This year is its twenty-fourth season at Olympia, and the programme offers as many spectacular displays of skill and as great a variety of human and animal stars as ever. Margot Edwards, young equestrienne juggler, succeeds, among other feats, in spinning on the end of a bâton a hoop in which a glass of water

is rotated—without spilling a drop—while with her other hand she juggles with balls, controlling her mount perfectly the while. Wacker's jockey dogs ride galloping horses and play football with equal gusto, and as for Fischer's elephants, one treads delicately along a row of dummy champagne bottles, and another shaves a "volunteer," lathering his face, shaving off the "soap," and ending with a spray.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MR. JOHN ROGERS.**

Appointed to succeed Lord McGowan as Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Mr. Rogers was a director of Nobel Industries, Ltd., one of the four companies which merged to form I.C.I. He was elected to the board of I.C.I. in December 1926, and was appointed one of the three deputy chairmen in 1940. He has been the principal directing influence under Lord McGowan.

**MR. DAVID BONNER-SMITH.**

Died on December 10. He retired from the post of Admiralty librarian in May last on reaching the age of sixty. He was for long a member of the Society for Nautical Research, and had edited its journal, *The Mariner's Mirror*, for a number of years. He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of naval history; was a devoted member of the Navy Records Society and had edited many of its volumes.

**DR. ENRICO MIZZI.**

Died at Valletta on December 20, aged sixty-eight. He had been Prime Minister of Malta since the General Election in September last. His Nationalist Government was a minority one, holding twelve out of forty seats in the Legislative Assembly. During World War II, in view of his anti-British record and avowed convictions, he was sent to East Africa, where he was interned for five years. In 1945 he was allowed to return. He formerly edited the newspaper *Malta*.

**AT THE UNION CLUB, SLIEMA, MALTA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT).**

Princess Margaret arrived in Malta on December 15 to spend a short holiday there with Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. On December 18 the two Princesses flew to Tripoli for the day so that Princess Elizabeth could see the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, of which she is Colonel. Our photograph of the Royal party at the Union Club also shows Captain C. D. Bonham-Carter (right).

**QUEEN MARY'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT AFTER HER COLD: HER MAJESTY ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK.**

On November 11 it was announced that Queen Mary had a cold which prevented her from attending the Remembrance Day Service, and on doctors' orders she remained in the house until December 12, when she went out driving. On December 16 she visited the Royal School of Needlework, of which she is patron, and presented diplomas and awards to students, and also discussed the design for a screen she intends to work.

**THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD AND MRS. GIFFORD, WHO ARRIVED AT SOUTHAMPTON IN THE AMERICA ON DECEMBER 20.**

The new United States Ambassador to Britain, and Mrs. Gifford, arrived in England on December 20, and Mr. Gifford presented his credentials to the King on December 21. On arrival he said that after his long experience as President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. he was starting at sixty-five in an entirely new field, and added that he hoped to go on with the very successful work of his friend and predecessor, Mr. Lewis Douglas.

**ARGUING HIS CLAIM FOR AN INVENTOR'S AWARD: PROFESSOR J. F. BAKER, WITH A MODEL OF HIS MORRISON SHELTER.**

Professor J. F. Baker described a wartime visit to Downing Street, when he argued his claim for an inventor's award for the Morrison table shelter before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors on December 18. He quoted Mr. Churchill as saying: "Give the shelter a good test first. Lower a house on top of it. Put a pig in it. Put the inventor in it."

**LIEUT.-GENERAL A. M. GRUENTHER.**

Chosen by General Eisenhower to be his Chief of Staff. At present he is Deputy Chief of Staff, United States Army, in charge of plans and operations. He has had considerable experience of handling armies composed of different nationalities. For some time he was Deputy Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower in North Africa.

**MR. CHARLES E. WILSON.**

Has accepted the responsibility for running the U.S. defence production programme. Mr. Wilson, who is sixty-four, is President of the General Electric Company. He was executive Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board during World War II; he will head the agency which is to combine production activities now undertaken by various Federal departments.

**PASSING THROUGH LONDON EN ROUTE FOR PEKING VIA MOSCOW: GENERAL WU HSIU-CHUAN.**

General Wu and the other members of the Chinese Communist delegation to the U.N. in New York arrived at London Airport on December 20 at 1 p.m. and took off from Northolt at 2.38 for Peking via Prague and Moscow. The Ambassadors of Russia and her allied countries met them at London Airport. General Wu read to the Press a statement attacking the West.



## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A JEEP: THE VOYAGE OF THE "HALF SAFE."



(ABOVE.) *HALF SAFE* WHOLLY SAFE: THE AMPHIBIOUS JEEP IN HARBOUR AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, AFTER THE TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE. MR. BEN CARLIN IS ON THE DECK-HOUSE.



READY TO COME ASHORE AT FUNCHAL: MR. AND MRS. BEN CARLIN IN THEIR 24-FT. JEEP. WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT 200 MILES OFF MADEIRA GALES THREATENED TO BLOW THEM OFF THEIR COURSE.



FOLLOWED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD: MR. AND MRS. BEN CARLIN DRIVING THEIR AMPHIBIOUS JEEP ALONG THE DOCKSIDE AT FUNCHAL ON DECEMBER 15 AFTER THEIR JOURNEY FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

AN Australian engineer, Mr. Ben Carlin, and his American-born wife recently reached Madeira in a rickety-looking remodelled amphibious jeep, after a trans-Atlantic voyage that started from Halifax, Nova Scotia, last July. Their 24-ft. jeep has a small sail and extra petrol tanks and is called *Half Safe*. This was the Carlins' fifth attempt to cross the Atlantic; on their third attempt they were picked up by a tanker and taken back to Canada. Early in December radio distress signals from the *Half Safe* were picked up in Portugal when the Carlins encountered severe gales 200 miles off Madeira. The Carlins are now planning to continue their voyage eastward in the hope of eventually getting round the world.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt it is an admirable thing in fiction to have a subject. But it is also possible to overdo subject. Exotic, moving and ferocious "items" just won't add up to a sum-total of sublimity. Or else "The Scarlet Sword," by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), would be a true masterpiece.

This writer has been leaning heavily on subject for a long time; and he has found that violence in the East combines everything. At any rate, it can be made to, in a shortish book, with all the niceties of touch. And here we are; this is the pure formula. Background, Kashmir: exotic loveliness, eternal snows, a view of Nanga Parbat. Foreground, a mission hospital. Year, 1947, the partition year. And therefore action, a Pathan raid, with its ideal concomitants of rape and butchery.

And no appeal is left out. Besides the patients, there are swarms of refugee women: including, I need hardly say, a "bad girl," a dancer from a Hindu brothel. And there are nuns, of course, and two young doctors, Anglo-Indian and married, and a young nurse from Glasgow. There are two saintly priests—a tough old Father "like the ghost of a cart-horse," whose eyes "glow with the crinkled softness of a pair of blue walnuts," and more endearing still, a young, fat, blundering, inspired, "fool in Christ." Also an English Colonel and his wife: another Englishwoman and her young daughter: and to conclude, because romance there has to be, a young man named Crane. Though Crane is really a portmanteau character. He is, not unexpectedly, a war correspondent; he adds, with some help from the Colonel, sophistication, and on his own the cynicism of despair. But there is no sophisticated nonsense in his love for Julie. It even starts in the romantic manner, with a little aversion—though I have never known this theme so scamped. But never, certainly, has there been less time for it. Meanwhile, the tough and dedicated young Glaswegian finds time to love him vainly, so we really have everything.

The Pathans swoop down in the moonlight, rape, kill and thoroughly enjoy themselves. After the first fine careless rapture they are more controlled, but they don't leave, and nobody can leave. And since the Mission has become their H.Q., there are incessant air raids. That's all, until the happy ending. For it ends happily. All the survivors, those who count, have been improved by suffering and feel all the better for it, and I need hardly say the "bad girl" has proved a trump.

Banal, perhaps, but certainly inclusive; yet I turned not a hair. It is as though the content, the emotion, had been drained away, and left a neat shell of horror. Just now and then there is a touch of feeling, not quite as advertised. When Crane appears, though nominally sick at heart, he strikes one as a bit liverish. This note recurs with variations, and it seems genuine, though never tragic as it ought. Perhaps the writer has begun to weary of his own formula, and now we may expect a change.

If one had really supped full with horrors, "The Pink House," by Nelia Gardner White (Constable; 10s. 6d.), would come as the perfection of relief. And to the fresh, unharrowed soul, it is a nice contrast. Probably a good many readers have a tender memory of "No Trumpet." This time Mrs. White's field is narrower, for she is dealing with a single family in one country house; whereas the struggles of her young clergyman involved a whole community. There is a falling-off in local colour, and the story has less interest—but enough, and of the same kind.

Once more, integrity of spirit is the theme. Norah is transplanted to the Pink House on her mother's death. She is a lame child of seven, and she becomes an ugly duckling overnight. For in her new environment there is no love. Aunt Rose, the beautiful and distant, loves nobody; her Uncle John is an alarming stranger, and the children don't want her. Only the leonine Aunt Poll takes any notice of her, and she hates Aunt Poll, who is so brusque and snubs her for being miserable—and with whom she is to do lessons, instead of going to school with her contemptuous, adored cousins.

But it is Aunt Poll, the least romantic of the family, who has the right ideas. It is Aunt Poll who, in the teeth of custom, paints the house pink: who teaches Norah to forget her lameness; do without cherishing, and make an independent life. The discipline is hard, but works. People have more use for her the more she learns not to need them, and in the end external happiness is added. The plot is thickened by a family secret, and by her cousin Paul's distressful worship of a mother who can't bear him. It is realistic within limits, moral but not tame, and soothing yet not saccharine.

"Return of a Hero," by Robin Estridge (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), might be called a problem novel. That is, the hero has a problem. He is a loyal and dutiful young soldier, impregnated with the "team spirit"—till he comes to see through Authority. The truth is thrust upon him in a frightful journey to Kasmaan, where Major Falkland has been treating with the "wogs." He has made certain promises—for oil—and now the Government is going back on them; and since his loyalty is to the cheated tribesmen, he will be thrown over. It is with this insight, and with a fervent admiration for the new T. E. Lawrence, that Peter returns home. He has become an idol through his desert journey, but to speak the truth about it is against orders. Falkland is now to be a traitor, and the broken promises are to be hushed up.

The irony of his position, and his mental conflict, are extremely well done. So is the attitude of his relations and the world at large. It is a good plot; why is it not a better novel? Well, as a compromise with popularity, the end is flat; and compromise has crept in all through. But it remains intelligent and striking.

"The Follower," by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is a thriller without sleuths. A mining engineer has married a playgirl, and gone off to a job in Venezuela after three weeks. On his return home he finds not Ellie, but the corpse of an ex-suitor. And being American, of course, he hides it from the police right away. His next concern is to get hold of Ellie and to learn what happened. At every stage of the pursuit, which leads to Mexico, she fades out once more. And when he does catch up, there is a lot more trouble of a worse kind. Not very new, perhaps, but slick and spirited.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## ON COMMUNISM AND HERALDRY.

MR. JAMES BURNHAM, the author of "The Coming Defeat of Communism" (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d.), deserves the gratitude of us all at this gloomy season for providing a message of hope at a time when everywhere, from Korea to coal-mines, things seem to be going wrong. One of Communism's nastiest and most potent weapons is the feeling of hopelessness which it tends to produce. Its exponents are so indefatigable in evil-doing: its opponents (besides having more civilised things to think about) are easily wearied and discouraged. Is it, after all, worth while to resist the monster?

The feeling of confidence and good cheer induced by reading Mr. Burnham's book is not mere wishful thinking; nor is it the exalted but unreasoning faith of a fanatic. "I do not wish to rest in the comfortable armchair of abstraction," he says, and he proceeds to give chapter and verse, facts and figures, reason and argument for the comfortable words of his title. He writes as an American; but he has evidently not wasted the terms he spent at Balliol, and his book is no arid academic thesis, but an excellently (and amusingly) written exposition of the central problem of the modern world.

Mr. Burnham is particularly enlightening on the subject of the Communist's mentality, which, as an ex-Marxist himself, he is well-qualified to understand. Some of our own silly signers of "Peace" petitions would do well to read his denunciation of those who "Shout for peace and sing the colossal and irresistible might of the Red Army."

How horrified William Morris, who called himself a Communist, would have been if he could have seen the pass to which he and people like him, respectable middle-class, comfortably-off "intellectuals," have brought the world by their adherence to the destructive doctrines of Karl Marx. Nothing shows more clearly from "The Letters of William Morris" (Longmans; 25s.), which Mr. Philip Henderson has edited, than the silliness which besets artists when they turn to politics. He pompously warned a friend that he must be prepared to accept "coolly and as a matter of course" the possibility of violence in the establishment of the Socialist paradise; yet at about the same time he wrote angrily to the *Daily News* to protest against "a brutality of which I dare not trust myself to write further"—the brutality in question being a proposal by the Provost of Eton to pull down some sixteenth-century buildings there.

These letters, though they hint at it, do not, unfortunately, reveal the source of the deep frustration from which Morris evidently suffered, and which has so frequently, as we can see in our own day, led men off the rails politically. For that secret we must wait until 1989, when letters between Morris's wife, Jane, and Rossetti, who was deeply in love with her, can be seen in the British Museum. Meanwhile, we can study Morris as a great artist-craftsman—one who in the field of applied arts did more to influence the task of our age than perhaps any other single man.

The only other nineteenth-century figure to influence taste and design over so wide a field was not an artist at all. He was the Prince Consort of England, a national statesman whose position curtailed his political activity so that his extraordinary ability and energy were directed into other fields. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was the culmination of Albert's work. It was a personal triumph for him, as Mr. John Steegman points out in "Consort of Taste" (Sidgwick and Jackson; 25s.), a delightful and handsomely illustrated survey of fifty years of that Victorian art and architecture whose virtues we are only now beginning to appreciate fully. Queen Victoria herself was said to have no taste. Mr. Steegman, who writes with wit as well as perception, reminds us that she knew it. When, in 1862, she was shown the designs for the Albert Memorial "she said she had no taste—used only to listen to him—was not worthy to untie his latchet."

Artistic taste, like politics, does not exist in a vacuum. For all our harking back to "Regency," our notions are derived from our grandfathers as well as our great-grandfathers, and, to a Conservative, at any rate, continuity is attractive in itself. The modern interest in heraldry, for example, serves both to add colour to our drabness and to emphasise our place in a continuing tradition. Never has heraldic practice been more sound and sensible, and seldom has heraldic art been of higher quality than it is to-day. Mr. C. W. Scott-Giles's new edition of "Boutell's Heraldry" (Warne; 42s.) is a demonstration of both. This book is a revision of Wheeler-Holohan's beautiful edition of 1931 and retains all its merits, while benefiting from many additions both in text and illustrations by its new editor.

The study of heraldry is a gentle form of escapism in these unpleasant times. It is always interesting, often amusing, and does no harm to anybody—although I doubt whether to call a member of the opposite sex a "demi-lady affronté" (three of them appear in the arms of the See of Oxford) would nowadays be appreciated by other than the most expert in heraldic terms. I am sorry that the author makes only casual reference to "canting," or punning arms—e.g., three strong arms for Armstrong, as this is quite a study in itself—one such "canting" coat granted to a famous family by Charles II, being as witty as it is distinctly indelicate.

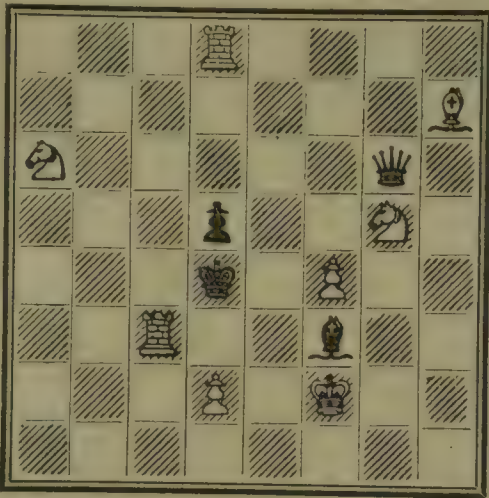
The horrors of modern life are due in great part to our forgetting tradition, to going, like Morris, off the rails, or, as Mr. Burnham has put it (a trifle transatlantically), to "the enfeeblement of fixed traditional beliefs which leaves the human psyche more exposed to manipulation." Fortunately, the "fixed traditional beliefs" of Christianity can be kept alive even in an age of scepticism, by the work of a devoted few. The London Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, carries on to-day the devotional and liturgical tradition of its nineteenth-century founder, and I am glad to see that Mr. J. G. Lockhart, the biographer of Archbishop Lang, has written in "The Story of All Saints" (2s., from the Bursar, 7, Margaret Street, London) the first of a series of beautifully-produced booklets on this famous church. It is a reminder that we need both faith and works for the enjoyment of this (or any other) Christmas.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a simple but attractive problem specially contributed by an eighty-three-year-old Queensland reader, F. Bennett:



White to play and mate on his second move against any defence. The key-move is given below.

The two brief encounters I recall below illustrate the power of a double check, the piece moved unmasking a second check from a piece whose action it previously screened. Of the three normal means of meeting a check, two are unavailing in the case of a double check—namely, capture of the checking piece (because there are two!), and interposing a piece between the checker and checked king; again, two such interpositions are required at once.

So the only answer to a double check is to move the king—if it can be moved! As we shall see, both the checking pieces may be *en prise* yet deliver mate.

## WHITE

1. P-K4
2. P-KB4
3. Kt-KB3
4. Kt-B3
5. Kt-K5
6. Q-K2
7. Kt-B6 mate!

## BLACK

- P-K4
- P×P
- P-Q4
- P×P
- B-KKt5
- B×Kt?

## WHITE

1. P-K4
2. Kt-QB3
3. B-B4
4. Q-R5
5. B-Kt3
6. P-Q3
7. Kt-B3
8. Kt-KKt5
9. P-KR4

## BLACK

- P-K4
- Kt-KB3
- Kt×P
- Kt-Q3
- B-K2
- Castles
- Kt-B3
- P-KR3
- Kt-K1

If 9... P×Kt; 10. P×P and the attack along the king's rook's file is deadly.

10. Kt-Q5!
11. Q-Kt6!
12. Kt×B

- Kt-B3
- P×Q

The double check again.

12. K-R1

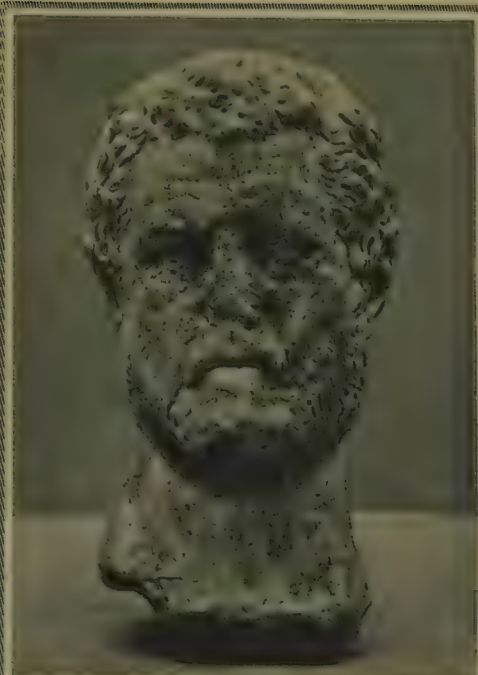
13. Kt×P (Kt6) mate.

Solution to the problem: 1. Kt-QB7 (the knight on the left moves, not that on the right); Black moves, White mates accordingly.

It will help the learner to explain that 1. B×Q will not solve the problem because of 1... B-Kt5; nor will 1. Kt-B5, because of 1... B-Q8; nor will 1. Kt-Kt4, because of 1... B-Kt7.



# DISCOVERIES AND OBJECTS OF ART: MUSEUM TREASURES, AND AN AWARD.



THE BROKEN SHOULDERS AND BASE, BELONGING TO THE HEAD (RIGHT-HAND PICTURE), ONE OF THE TWO FOUND AT LULLINGSTONE. ROMAN WORK IN GREEK MARBLE.

THE SECOND LULLINGSTONE HEAD, SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN LIFE-SIZE AND AMONG THE FINEST OF ITS CLASS FOUND IN BRITAIN.

NOW ON LOAN TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: ONE OF THE TWO LULLINGSTONE BUSTS.

The two Roman marble busts, which we show above and which have been recently lent to the British Museum by the owners, the Kent County Council, were found at Lullingstone, Kent, in 1949. They were discovered in a basement room of a Roman villa during excavations carried out by the Darenth Valley Research Club under the direction of Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Meates, F.S.A. The busts are slightly larger than life-size, are of Greek marble, and probably date from the second century A.D. They evidently represent persons of importance, but have not been identified as portraits of emperors.



RECENTLY GIVEN TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE SNAPE RING, 7TH-CENTURY ANGLO-SAXON GOLD WORK.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE SEAL, A PERSONIFIED *BONUS EVENTUS*.

THE FACE OF THE SNAPE RING, SHOWING THE AGATE CUT IN INTAGLIO, AND THE FILIGREE SHOULDERS.

The Snape ring, Anglo-Saxon gold and agate of the seventh century A.D., a well-known antiquity, has been recently given to the British Museum by Mrs. H. M. Davidson in accordance with the wishes of her late husband, whose father originally found it in 1862 in a boat-burial at Snape, not far from Sutton Hoo, the site of the boat-burial excavated in 1939. The seal shows a *Bonus Eventus*—a happy outcome personified as a man holding ears of corn in one hand and a libation bowl in the other. The shoulder of the ring carries some fine filigree work.



AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH CHAIR, WHICH POSES MANY PROBLEMS: A RECENT ACQUISITION OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

This ancient oak chair—"a rare and venerable relic"—is dated somewhat tentatively to the reign of James V. of Scotland by the costume of the woman carved on the back. It contains, however, features both mediæval and Renaissance, the framework being distinctly archaic, but the carving, especially on the front, being characteristically, though crudely, Renaissance.



A UNIQUE ANGLO-SAXON COIN, LATELY FOUND AND PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: CASTS OF THE TWO FACES, SHOWING (ABOVE) AN EMPEROR'S HEAD AND (BELOW) A PATTERN DERIVED FROM THE ROMAN SHE-WOLF.

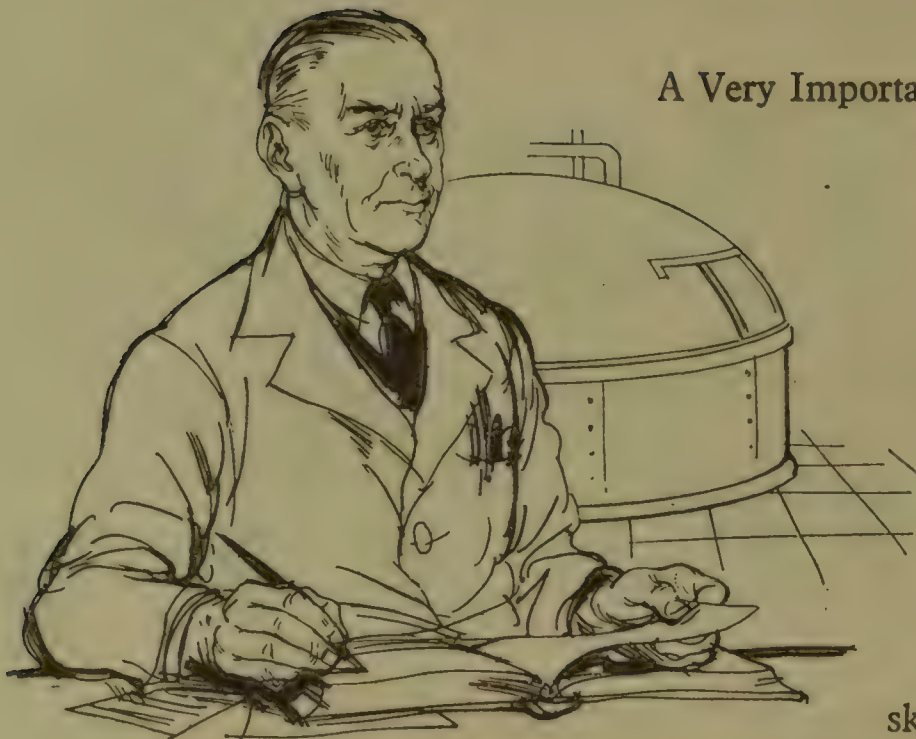
This unique coin—an Anglo-Saxon *sceatta*, the silver coin which was the antecedent of the penny—was lately found near Northampton and, when its national importance was realised, was given to the British Museum by Mr. S. W. Kirton through the good offices of the Northampton Museum. No other example is known. It bears degenerate forms of Roman designs, an Emperor's head on one side, and on the other a pattern.

(RIGHT.) THE WORK WHICH WON FOR ITS SCULPTOR, MR. W. McMILLAN, R.A., THE MEDAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH SCULPTORS FOR THE BEST WORK OF THE YEAR.

This bronze fountain group by William McMillan, R.A., was erected in the spring of 1950 in the Queen Mary Garden, Regent's Park, under the auspices of the Constance Fund. It has won for its sculptor the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of British Sculptors for the best work of the year by a British sculptor, in any way exhibited to the public in London. The medal was founded in 1925 by Sir Otto Beit, Bart., K.C.M.G., F.R.S.







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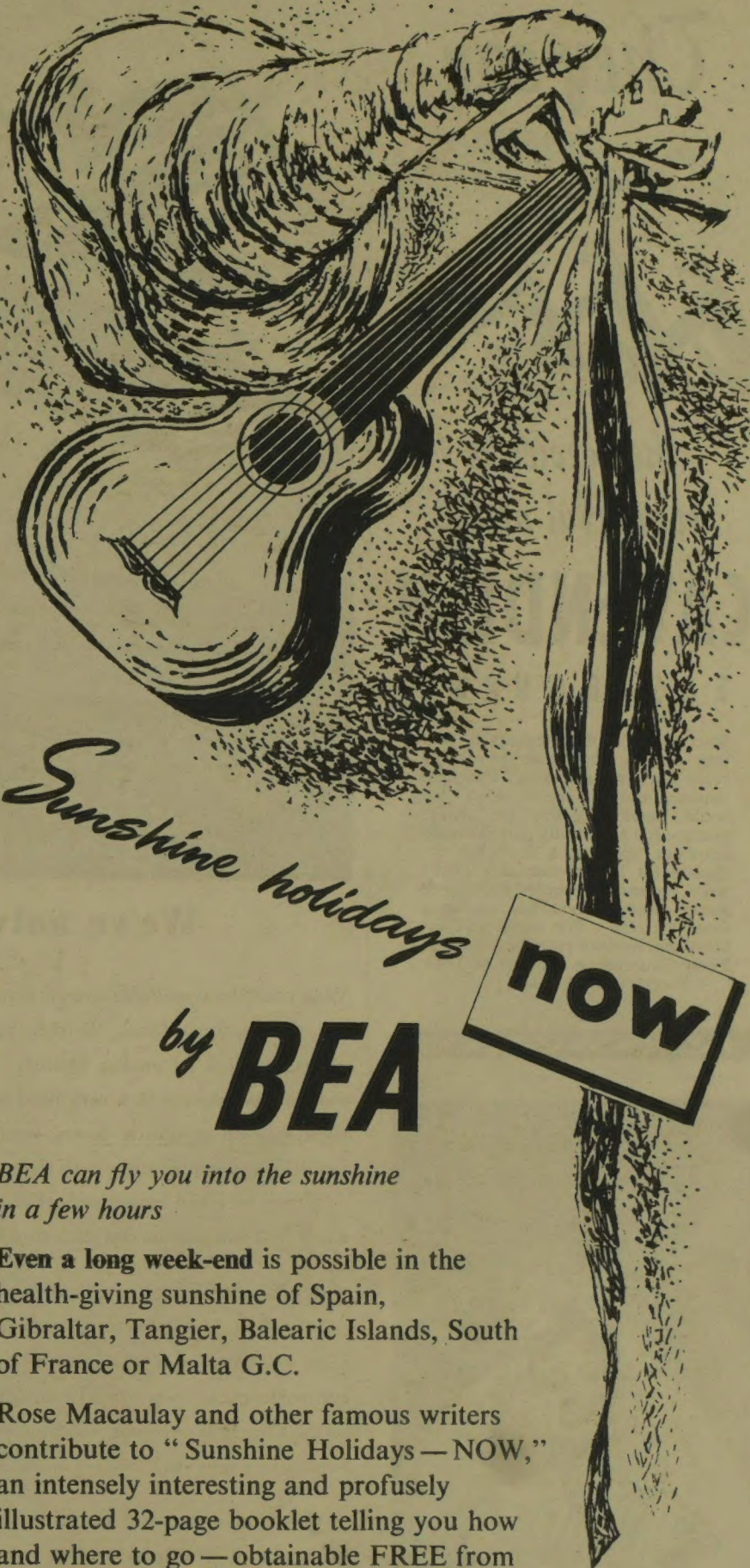


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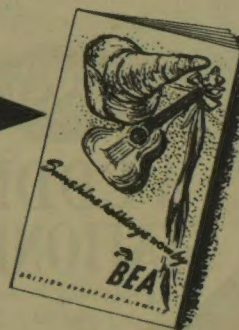
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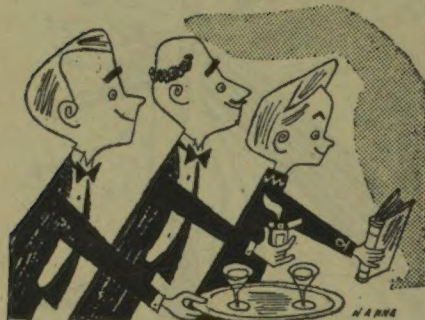
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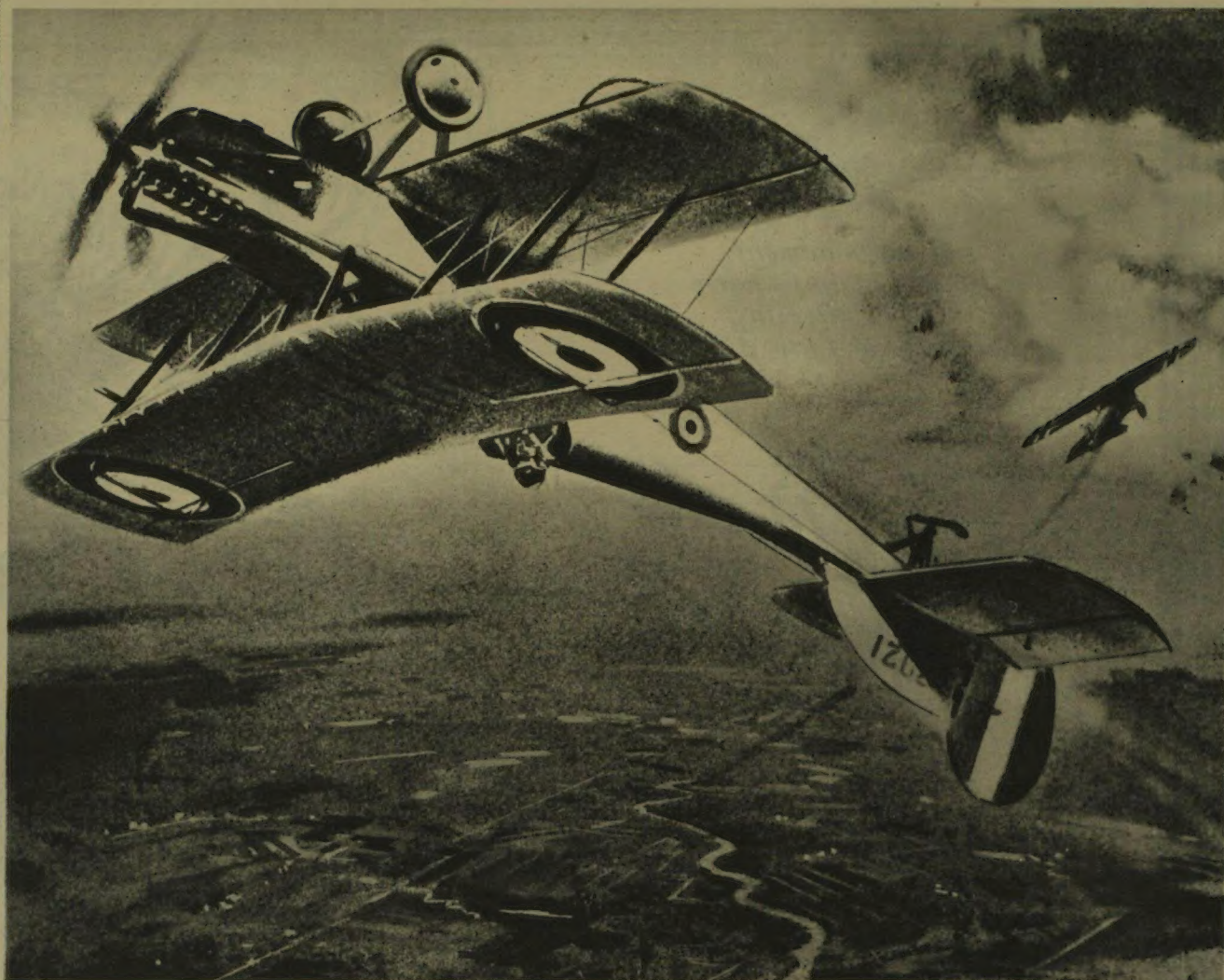
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